4-1-47

new masses

LOOK HOMEWARD, GENERAL

oes Marshall's definition f democracy exclude America?

y JOSEPH NORTH

WHY THEY BY-PASSED THE UNITED NATIONS

by JOHN STUART

THE NORDIC MYTH IN LITERATURE

by FREDERICK WINTER and EDMUND FULLER

RIL 1, 1947 VOL. LXIII NUMBER ONE 15c IN CANADA 20c

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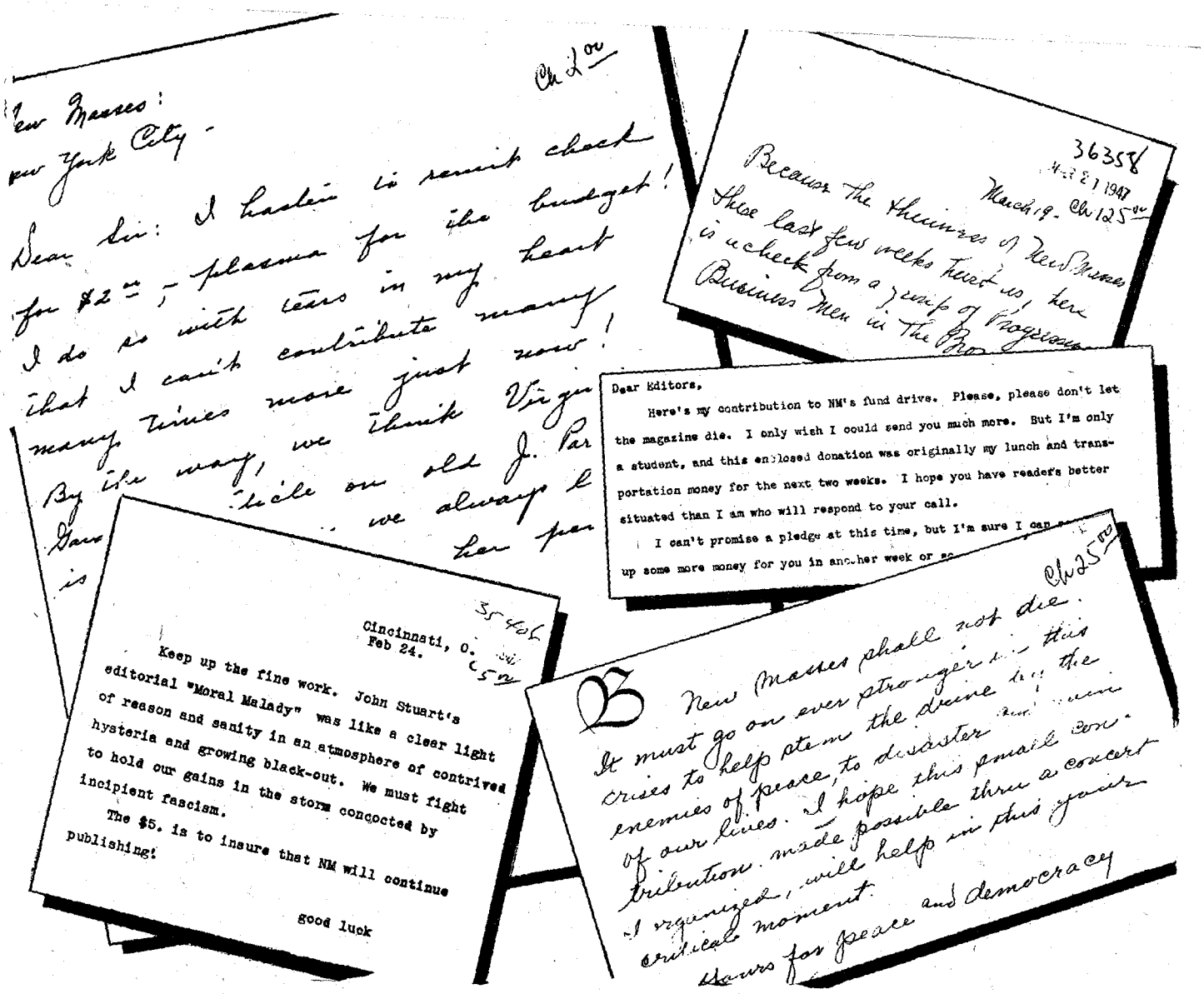
New Masses:
New York City.
Dear Sir: I hasten to remit check for $2.00, - please for the budget! I do so with tears in my heart that I can't contribute many many times more just now! By the way, we think Virgil Dear Sir: we always l is her per
36358
March 19. Ch/25.00
Because the Thinkers of New Mexico
These last few weeks have sent us, ten
is a check from a group of Progressive
Business Men in the
Dear Editors,
Here's my contribution to NM's fund drive. Please, please don't let the magazine die. I only wish I could send you much more. But I'm only a student, and this enclosed donation was originally my lunch and transportation money for the next two weeks. I hope you have reader's better situated than I am who will respond to your call.
I can't promise a pledge at this time, but I'm sure I can
up some more money for you in another week or so.
35-405
Cincinnati, O.
Feb 24.
Ch/5.00
Keep up the fine work. John Stuart's editorial "Moral Malady" was like a clear light of reason and sanity in an atmosphere of contrived hysteria and growing black-out. We must fight to hold our gains in the storm concocted by incipient fascism.
The $5. is to insure that NM will continue publishing!
good luck
Ch/25.00
New Masses shall not die.
It must go on ever stronger in this
crises to help stem the drive by the
enemies of peace, to disaster
of our lives. I hope this small con-
tribution, made possible thru a concert
I organized, will help in this your
critical moment.
Yours for peace and democracy

Now **YOU'RE** *talking . . .*

IT WAS a heartening week—it put thirty-two pages in this week's *New Masses*. By mail, by wire, even by special messenger, contributions poured into the office.

". . . I hope this contribution, made possible through a concert I organized, will help in your critical moment" (Brooklyn). ". . . With tears that I can't contribute many, many times more" (Cleveland). ". . . Here is a check from a group of progressive businessmen" (Riverdale, N. Y.). ". . . Please don't let the magazine die. I'm only a student, and this enclosed donation was originally my lunch and transportation money" (Pittsburgh). ". . . The tide of fascism is rising in America. We progressives couldn't get the picture of affairs without NM" (Belmont, Mass.). ". . . We can't have anything come up to stop the good work you folks have been doing" (Riverside, Ill.). ". . . It should be enough to say that our family can't do without NM but more than that: how can the US be without NM?" (Skagway, Alaska).

These are our people, ordinary Americans, speaking They are coming to our aid because they have learne whom to trust in the fight against their enemy—th enemy of America—the money lords who want to dra our country in the path of Hitler.

And there's another good sign. The greater the shriek against us, the firmer have our ranks grown. This pa week $1,971 was received in our fund drive—the be week yet. This makes a total of $8,027. But we sti have a long way to go to reach $40,000 by June 1. F that matter, there is no assurance that next week or t week after your *New Masses*, whose fighting strength so urgently needed today, will appear in its full thirt two pages.

There's no magical way to raise the amount we r quire. It is only you who can do it, by giving partie by asking your friends, your clubs, your mass organiz tions to help us. *The time is now.*

THE EDITORS.

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FREELY CONSTITUTED POLITICAL PARTIES?

FREE TRADE UNIONS? RIGHT TO WORK?

FREE SPEECH, RADIO, PRESS, ASSEMBLY?

PROTECTION OF THE INDIVIDUAL?

LOOK HOMEWARD, GENERAL

Our Secretary of State defines democracy for the world — but it doesn't jibe with today's America.

By JOSEPH NORTH

Physician, heal thyself.
(Old proverb.)

A SOLDIER is a man of action: rhetoric is not his province. Certainly everyone regards General Marshall as an uncommonly good soldier, and there is much in his record warranting that conception. According to all reputable testimony on the conduct of the late war, he opposed the malingering strategies of the Churchill high command, and (despite his wretched record in China) millions still consider his word with respect. They are loath to regard it as rhetoric.

For these reasons the American people, in fact all the world's people with access to current information, could hardly slur over his recent statement on the democratization of Germany delivered to the Council of Foreign Ministers in Moscow. Regarding him as a serious man, millions pondered his definition of democracy seriously. All progressive Americans assented vigorously to his words, "the protection of the individual in a modern state rests upon constitutional guarantees of his basic rights and liberties." And our Secretary of State summarized these rights, which included the following fundamentals: the rights of freely-constituted political parties to participate in a free and competitive election system in which each is accorded "equal opportunity to present its views, win adherents and obtain just representation"; the rights of free trade unions to carry on the customary trade-union activities in accordance with the wishes of their members; the guarantee of freedom of press and radio, and the "unrestricted access to information obtained by means of all media of public information, including the press, the radio, books, magazines, publications, films, the theater and music." The general did not believe a society democratic if men who respect the rights of their fellow men "are not free to express their own beliefs and convictions without fear that they may be snatched away from their home or family." He invoked our most profound beliefs when he urged the "right to work" and the right to "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness."

Many here have congratulated the general for his restatement of "the American's conception of democracy": but most thoughtful persons simultaneously considered the context of events in which these words were uttered. Therein is food, perhaps unpalatable, for thought.

Undoubtedly General Marshall is aware of developments in his United States. (He may even have had a hand in fashioning them, but let that pass.) Anybody in his high office receives reports of events in Washington, condensations of headlines and news stories in the press, and he must, generally, be *au courant* with life back home. We can only ask, with some degree of astonishment, whether he was ignorant of the fact that his definition of democracy was beamed to the world several days after a fellow Cabinet member, Secretary of Labor Schwellenbach, testified before a congressional hearing on the many anti-labor bills now before our legislators. Could the Secretary of State, who spoke so eloquently on the rights of free trade unions in Germany, be ignorant of the campaign to destroy free trade unions in the United States? Could General Marshall, who spoke so feelingly of the rights of "freely-constituted political parties in Germany," be unaware of Secretary Schwellenbach's proposal to outlaw the Communist Party of the United States? Could the general, who urged "uniformly effective guarantees

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of freedom of press and radio" in all parts of Germany, be heedless of the blackout that threatens the dissemination of fact and opinion in the United States? And that "unrestricted access" to information obtained "by all media of public information, including the press, the radio, books, magazines, publications, films, the theater, and music" is being systematically whittled down, and there is immediate and present danger that they will be suspended here altogether?

Is it conceivable that the general does not know of the hearings scheduled (before he made his statement) by J. Parnell Thomas, chairman of the House Committee on Un-American Activities, for March 24, on such bills as HR 1884 and 2122 that would nullify the constitutional rights of Communists and outlaw the Communist Party of the United States? Does he not know that those bills would also erase the uniformly effective guarantee of freedom of press and radio in all parts of the United States?

General Marshall spoke eloquently of the inalienable right to work—can he be ignorant of the fact that legislation is being considered that would bar patriotic citizens in America, who are members of the Communist Party or who are suspected of being Communists, from employment in government and industry, deny them membership in trade unions and the right to hold office therein?* Furthermore, can he have forgotten, in his definition of democracy in which he included "the right to work," that a bill guaranteeing that right was so bowdlerized that is became meaningless and that that specific assurance was totally deleted from the bill by our federal legislature? (This is a right, incidentally, that was first guaranteed by the socialist government of the Soviet Union and which has since been written into the constitution of the present French state.)

Has nobody informed our Secretary of State that a political climate has been engendered in this country that would destroy every provision he defends (at least verbally) for Germany? Has nobody told him that our press has reached the point where a former vice president's speech is almost universally blacked out because it opposed the administration's program on Greece and Turkey? Did nobody acquaint him with the fact that the New York *Times*, for example, ran Henry Wallace's speech in a four-inch story on an inside page, and that most of the nation's press ignored it altogether?

If he is really ignorant of these developments, it is high time our Secretary of State learns that our administration is yielding to the pro-fascists, riding herd on every right guaranteed by the Constitution and the Bill of Rights.

Some good friend should take our Secretary of State aside, in the historic deliberations at Moscow, and apprise him of the facts of life. Let him learn that no nook of our nation is immune from this onslaught—that it is snowballing in the factories, in the union-hall, in the press, the radio, in the universities. It may be possible that General Marshall does not know that Dr. David Henry, of Wayne University in Detroit, has been blackmailed by the Michigan State Senate "Little Dies" Committee for refusing to ban the American Youth for Democracy from the campus. It might be well for him to know these significant, and typical, facts: that State Senator Callahan, a former follower of Father Coughlin, has warned Dr. Henry that unless he banned the AYD from the college campus no state funds would be pledged the university, and that he, Callahan, would seek prosecution of the university under the criminal syndicalist law. Or that Dr. Robert L. Stearns, president of the University of Colorado, has ordered the charter of the AYD cancelled. Or that State Representative Paul R. Barnes, of Ohio, has announced that he favors concentration camps in this country for students who advocated nationalization of industry and similar reforms.

We are not cynics, here at New Masses, yet we find it hard to believe that General Marshall is totally unaware of these phenomena, and we can only ponder the supreme irony of his declaration on democracy under these circumstances. Does he believe the 13,000,000 Negro citizens in our land will throw hats in the air when he proposes benefits for Germany which they are deprived of here? And what does he expect millions of trade unionists to feel about his words when they encounter the frenetic onslaught upon their basic liberties? And what do the college students think of General Marshall's definition of democracy when they are barred from expressing their political views upon pain of expulsion from the classroom? And what does the radio broadcaster think when he has been banned from the air because he possesses views unpopular with the Big Money hucksters? And what does the novelist feel when he sees a book like Howard Fast's on Thomas Paine eliminated from the New York and Detroit public schools? Or the film writer who wishes to throw his talent against racism and finds every avenue of expression closed to his ideas? I believe they'll think the general is talking through a brass hat.

So much for our folk at home. What, really, can the peoples abroad feel? First of all, our authorities must learn that this is 1947, not 1939, or 1839. The new lands of Europe enjoy a revitalized statehood from which we have much to learn. Yes, even America. The millions in Yugoslavia, in Czechoslovakia, in Bulgaria, in Rumania, in Poland, in France can only be offended by arrogant preachments concerning democracy when the flower of their youth too, died by the millions to wrest i from Hitler Germany. They love thei democracies so well that they rejec collaboration with those in their land who collaborated with Hitler. The cherish their freedom so well that the cannot brook those who would, b deed or word, subvert democracy. I this so hard to understand? There wa a time when America, too, rejected i Benedict Arnolds, its Aaron Burr They know full well that our natio is beset by the men of the trusts, wh love profit more than country an who, with their concentrated power press, radio, pulpit and education, stri to implant the fascist idea here. Tl ill-fame of Hearst, Howard, McCo mick is not contained by our borde The plight of the Negro in Ameri is known to the continents of the glob The democratic Pole knows that an Semitism is a crime in his country: knows it is not here. The Czech longer fears the moguls of the Sko works: the Rumanian no longer sla for the Anglo-American oil octop the East Elbian no longer bows to t monocled Junker. The Junker is goi

* As this goes to press, America has learned of President Truman's executive order virtually transforming the country into a police state. Not only Communists but anyone with "dangerous thoughts" — *i.e.* who differs with administration policy on any issue — is to be hounded by a Gestapo-like procedure.

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"Beyond what is tolerable..."

Roscoe Pound, dean emeritus of Harvard Law School and one of the foremost legal authorities in the country, has joined the many prominent Americans who have spoken up against the reactionary proposals to outlaw the Communist Party and/or curtail the rights of Communists and other progressives. In a letter to Charles Humboldt of NEW MASSES, *Dean Pound, who is a Republican, states:*

"NO DOUBT as to appointment to places in the departments at Washington the appointing officials may exclude adherents of parties other than their own. This has been done for more than a century. But legislation to exclude members of any party from 'any type of public activity, including the right to run for office,' and from holding office in trade unions, and to except them from the advantages of laws as to employment, apart from questions of constitutionality, goes beyond what is tolerable in America."

Yours very truly,

ROSCOE POUND.

never to return. The Parisian can only wonder at the efforts to suppress a people's party here, and in Britain the word "socialism" is no epithet, but, to most, is sacred.

The peoples of those lands will only raise an eyebrow at the preachments of an American general, wondering if he really means it, really suspecting otherwise. What else can they think of General Marshall's protestations of loyalty to the Atlantic Charter and to that of the United Nations when his Commander in Chief, Harry Truman, enunciates a doctrine that would transform the Mediterranean into an American lake? And when our authorities seek to back that doctrine with the might of the dollar, endorsed by atom-bomb power? Even Leon Blum, the dyed-in-the-wool Social-Democrat, is constrained to join "the critics of President Truman's speech on Greece and Turkey," the *Times* tells us. Yes, even M. Blum is obliged to reflect the sentiments of the overwhelming majority of his people when he writes: "I have liked neither the argument nor the vocabulary of the speech, and I wish in particular that on the other side of the Atlantic they would abandon the dangerous habit of using the same terms to describe the Hitlerian regime and the Soviet regime."

No, the time for such arrant obfuscation is past. Our authorities can't get away with it. And you can imagine how the peoples "on the other side of the water" will react to the speech of General Marshall's subordinate, Assistant Secretary Spruille Braden, who went over lock, stock and barrel to the Hearst position the other day when he spoke of "Red fascists or Communists"—equating Communists with fascists as the America Firsters did with their "Communazi" phrase in 1939 in their effort to jockey our country into military hostility with the Soviet Union.

And you can imagine the impact of General Marshall's words on a Europe which reads the speech of Virgil Jordan, president of the National Industrial Conference Board, who last week unctuously called upon the world to disarm while we hold the atom bomb over every nation's head? "Let us," Mr. Jordan cried, "make, improve and keep plenty of our best and biggest atomic bombs for that imperative purpose: let us suspend them in principle over every place in the world where we have reason to suspect evasion or conspiracy against this purpose; and let us drop them in fact, promptly and without compunction, wherever it is defied."

And what effect can General Marshall's words about democracy have upon the 190,000,000 of the Soviet Union where socialism has destroyed the exploitation of man by man, thereby producing the greatest democracy of all time; where press, radio and education belong to the people, not to the trusts; where the 190,000,000 people enjoy an "ethnic democracy," in Henry Wallace's phrase, unequalled anywhere in the world? And what can the Soviet peoples feel about Mr. Marshall when another of his subordinates, Assistant Secretary of State Benton, has the temerity to accuse them of "psychological warfare" upon the United States when our press, almost without exception, defames and libels every Soviet action daily, attempting to condition our people into the belief that war is inevitable against our wartime ally?

Under all these circumstances Gen-

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eral Marshall's definition of democracy sounds strange to the ear: something like a wedding song at a wake. Does he really believe his own words? Does he really believe the world believes him? What evaluation can he have of the world's intelligence if he really thinks so? Or have our authorities become so drunk with power that they regard every foreigner as an illiterate simpleton? Have our authorities become so contemptuous of international intelligence that they feel they can spit in the world's eye and expect it to believe us if we say it is raining?

WHAT CUMBERLAND TOLD ME

Not far from Washington is another world. Clear heads among the celanese fumes.

By WALTER M. AIKEN

Cumberland, Md.

NOT so far from Washington, three hours on a fast Baltimore and Ohio train, is another world. Here in one community and flowing out into adjoining Pennsylvania and West Virginia are more workers than people the nightmares of Senator Ball. They are organized, too, and their daddies were organized, and their granddaddies, too. Cumberland is an old town, older than Washington. Into this mountain fastness the giants of industry came long ago, railroads and coal mines, followed by textile and rubber, breweries and paper mills. The people have been locked in titanic struggle against the giants. Struggle comes as natural in Cumberland as breathing in the coal and ash-laden air, or the fumes at the Celanese plant.

In one union local alone here there are more than 8,000 members. The gentlemen in Washington who are determined to slice unions into little bits would be enraged at the extent of labor unity. There is a Labor Unity Conference in which the CIO, AFL and the powerful railroad brotherhoods work in amity. The young men and women in the great Celanese and Kelly-Springfield tire plants sprawled along the Potomac valley and locked in by towering mountainsides are the sons and daughters who starved with their daddies in the great rail and coal strikes of '22.

I came to Cumberland to mosey around a little in an industrial town and try to gauge the effect on the workers of the historic week in Washington when the President made his speech on Greece and Turkey and Secretary of Labor Schwellenbach called for outlawing the Communist Party and barring Communists from labor union offices.

On the surface, Cumberland life is as usual. A strike of bus workers is in progress, but a strike is nothing to get upset about in Cumberland. Taxis do a rushing business, many of them new cabs boasting the latest device, radio phones by which the drivers keep up a running conversation with their office dispatchers. When you ask if they are organized, the driver grins condescendingly and says, "You must be a stranger here."

Five miles out from town lie the lowflung buildings of Celanese. A raw wind whips down the valley and flutters the American flags at either end of the plaque which testifies that of the more than 5,000 workers at the Celanese plant who joined the armed forces, 200 were killed. It is an old story by now to the more than 10,000 workers in the plant, half of them women. As they stream past, few even glance at the flag-draped legend, placed prominently among the myriad pinkish-yellow tile buildings that are dwarfed, as are the buildings and all else, by the towering Haystack and Knobly mountains which hem them in. All else, that is, save the two human rivers which flow into the plant down the two broad highways that lead from the gates.

But among the workers who hurry past the one and two-story buildings with their curious black chimney-ventilators, which theoretically allow the acid fumes to escape, are 3,500 of the 5,000 workers who went off to war. And it is among the veterans and the older men, but chiefly the veterans, I was told, that a questioning rumble is being heard.

It is not sharp at this time, it has not taken any form of organized protest. After all, I arrived in Cumberland only a few days after the President spoke. It is just a grumble and a rumble. But the men do not like the Truman proposals. They do not want to think about getting back into uniform. They do not want their twenty-one cents an hour increase, which was negotiated during 1946, to be eaten up in taxes, when it's already being eaten up in higher prices.

ALBERT STARKEY is chairman of the dye house for the union at Celanese. Farthest distant from the plant gates, you can barely see the green roof of the dye house from the road. Portal time here is ten minutes, and that is at a dog-trot for the seven-eighths of a mile. In the shop, Starkey is a walking delegate. All day long he hears beefs and takes up grievances. The dye house is artificially dampened, inviting rheumatism, and years of improvements have not changed the fact that the dye baths must be at 80 or 90 degrees Fahrenheit, nor have they changed the bad ventilation. Here the knit fabric which later is shipped out in bolts is dyed, and complaints now are many against the speedup which requires 750,000 yards a week to be dyed. But the last few days Starkey had been hearing plenty of beefs of another nature from his 500 workers in the dye house.

"Henry Wallace is popular here and a lot of them heard his broadcast," said Starkey. "They didn't like the idea of our going in with guns and men to train the Greek army to protect British 'rights.' The main thing which concerned them was taxes though. They are overburdened with taxes now, and some of them realize that if this policy of intervention is followed all over the globe, this will just be a beginning."

As for the Schwellenbach proposal Starkey agreed that "that's the way it happened in Germany" and that the proposals embody a fascist threat, but said he had heard no discussion among the workers in the dye house on the subject.

Many of the veterans, who he said were the most alert to the dangers of

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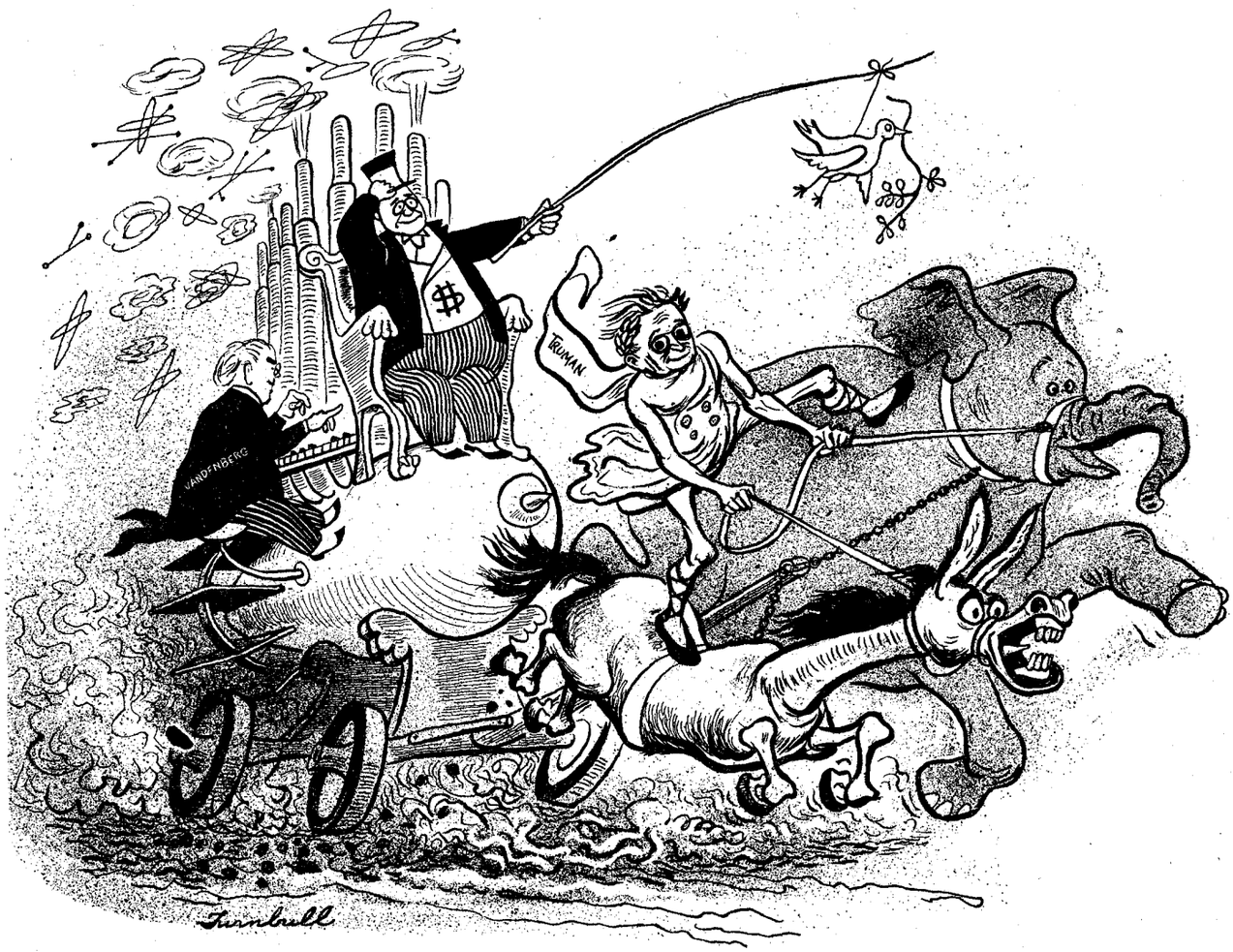
Truman's expansionist policy, have backgrounds similar to Starkey's. "I was just a boy when I went to work carrying water for the county road building crew," he said. "That was during the 1922 strike. Like all the miners' kids, we kids were hungry—hungry all the time. Then one mine, the Sunnyside, signed a contract. My daddy and I wouldn't scab, so we went to work for Sunnyside. But the home we lived in—it had been built in log cabin days, and was made of logs, with mud between the walls, and plaster inside—was owned by the Consolidation company, which mined most of the George's creek area. So the Consolidation threw us out of the house. Of 150 families, we were one of five thrown out," he said proudly.

Like many mountaineer families in the East and Southeast and Southwest, families here which date back to the earliest times in America are not unusual. One of these is the family of Harry Bartlett, subchairman in the "CA blocks" at Celanese. The CA stands for cellulose acetate.

Seated in Bartlett's living room, watching his little girl and the stray pets she has adopted, currently five cats and two dogs—"even the birds come here," he chuckled—I was made to feel the epic quality of these mountain men, linking us with our past. They are as proud of their revolutionary past as of the role played in the great strikes and economic struggles by their "daddies." Bartlett spoke almost familiarly of Braddock's march down the street still called "Braddock's Road," where Cumberland's rich folk now live, and Washington's stay in the little log cabin now in a city park. He has the rifle his great-great-grandfather, Josiah Bartlett, used in the Revolutionary War, and his mother's family, which settled in West Virginia, descended from Richard Comstock.

In almost the same breath he talked of the early organization of the canalmen who traveled the Chesapeake and Ohio canal, of the glass blowers, of of the early workers in tin plate (Republic Steel-owned) and those in the Western Maryland Railway (Rockefeller-owned), who technically still are out on strike. Eugene Debs used to poll from three to four thousand votes in the county. The Molly Maguires and the Socialist Labor Party had strength, too. And he spoke of the great unemployed demonstration in 1938. He was one of two leaders. "We stopped them a block from City Hall. It meant sure death. They were waiting for us with tear gas and guns. But next day the unemployed benefits were handed out."

I asked him about today. The vets were talking, he said. "They say, 'Where in hell's the money for housing for vets? They've dumped that program. The vets don't count now. They're already thinking about another war.' Others say they don't want to go back over there, and 'Where the hell is Roosevelt at? He'd turn over in his grave if he could've heard that speech.' The older fellows, too, former rubber and railroad workers, are talking. They heard Wallace on the air, and they like Wallace;



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they don't understand the imperialist nature of the Truman policy, and they don't connect it up with Schwellenbach's proposals to outlaw minority parties, but they are tired of wars and tired of taxes."

I talked to a former business agent of the Celanese local, Joe Barley, who is now back in the plant after his wartime absence, and is largely responsible for the plant taking back eight of the forty Negroes employed there during the war. White chauvinism is rampant in this town, which is only three miles from Pennsylvania but is six miles from the Mason-Dixon line, and he was attacked for this by some people in the union.

"I found a lot of company, though, when I commenced beefing about Truman's speech," Joe said cheerfully. "One guy was reading the [Washington] *Times-Herald* the day it had the streamer, 'Truman a Hitler, Says Moscow,' and he was mad. 'It's the truth,' he said. There's no doubt about it, they're disturbed."

IN CUMBERLAND and neighboring communities I knocked on doors at random to see what reactions I could find. In none did I find any women who defended the Truman plan. I will take the first three, all in South Cumberland.

Mrs. Clara Phillips, on Second Street near Virginia Avenue, was a vigorous-looking woman of seventy years, her living-room cheerful behind its starched lace curtains, as I found in so many homes, belying their dreary exteriors. The room was copiously decorated with pictures of her children and grandchildren, and she named the various plants where those in town worked. Her husband bought and sold greenstuff. "I'm afraid it means war," she said, "and other women I've talked to are worried, too." Food she could understand our sending, but not guns. "There's talk of a strike at Kelly's, and other plants are laying them off. How are we going to pay more taxes?" she asked. "And why are we doing it?"

"We're told," I said, "that it's to support free institutions everywhere that we're adopting this new policy. But at the same time the Secretary of Labor wants to take away the legal rights of the Communist Party. This would mean that other American liberties would go next, don't you think?"

"It's the truth," she said.

Mrs. W. L. Valentine, 202 Thomas Street, declared that "no women want another war," but based it largely on isolationist sentiment. She would leave other nations alone.

This was not the case with Mrs. Bessie M. Hensel, a pretty blue-eyed woman of middle age, at 171 Thomas Street.

She pointed to a photograph of a laughing, handsome son in uniform and quietly wiped her eyes. "He wouldn't have been anywhere else,' she said. "He wanted to fight. Bu now this. It's as if it makes the thing he fought for without any meaning.' Again she wiped away the tears. "Oh what is wrong with us?" she cried "Can't we use prevention this time! There is the UNO, and yes, I believe in it."

"I think we should protest, all o us who feel this way," she went on while her husband moved about in th next room, stoking a stove. "But feel so helpless. If they do this, sen money and munitions and men int Greece, we'll never get out." She in dicated another portrait of a younge man in uniform. "They didn't sen him overseas—after his brother die But our young people have a right t live their lives in peace now. We olde people, our lives are the bigger pa spent. When I think that perhaps h died for nothing, though—I try n to think about it. But anything th I can do I will do."

I came away from Cumberlar with one outstanding impression: th what both Truman and Schwellenba apparently are banking on, an an Communist bias, does exist, but th it is not sufficient to make the worke swallow whole the Truman pla While the Schwellenbach proposals u fortunately do not appear as an imm diate threat to them, they have h experience in Red-baiting and it h been only partly successful. During t war Red-baiters did gain the upp hand in the CIO Textile Work local in Celanese, but with the retu of the veterans a progressive slate w all but two offices.

portside patter

By BILL RICHARDS

Studebaker, makers of the car that confuses people as to whether it's coming or going, is putting out a new model. It will be called the President.

●

At last we'll know which way the Studebaker is headed—backwards.

●

The New York State Democratic Committee is planning a $100-a-plate dinner for May. If food prices continue to rise there will be a lot of families attending just to economize.

●

Senator Eastland of Mississippi claims that Senator Bilbo has been mistreated. The best proof is in the fact that he recovered from his operation.

●

The fact that President Truman slept several hours later in the morning while on vacation is described as a "record." Usually that much sleep is described as a Congressional Record.

●

It is reported that several Greek Royalists have ready access to the White House. It seems they also have ready access to the Treasury.

Secretary of State Marshall has been suggested as a candidate for Vice-President. He should be warned about what happened to the last Vice-President.

●

The National Dairy Products Corporation reports a 1946 profit of $11,000,000 more than in 1945. There is obviously a lot more money in milking the public rather than just the cows.

●

MacArthur believes that we should sign a formal treaty with Japan very soon. A really harsh treaty would insist that the Japanese pay reparations and keep MacArthur too.

●

It is rumored that President Truman may fly to Great Britain this year. Matchmakers are already talking about the possible meeting of the Sacred Cow and John Bull.

●

After Margaret Truman's radio debut one woman clucked sympathetically: "Oh, dear, I thought she's gotten over that laryngitis."

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JIM CROW: EDITOR AND PUBLISHER

It's a Nordic world in our books and magazines. The domination of the racist mythology. What a recent survey of American literature revealed.

By FREDERICK WINTER and EDMUND FULLER

We are concerned here not with a problem in Negro culture but with a crisis in American culture. Our writing, in book and in magazine, in prose and in verse, is sick. What we must do is to diagnose the ailment, learn its symptoms as we learn the signs of cancer, and plan the cure.

The source of infection is found, of course, in the Jim Crow theory and practice which corrodes our American life. But it is not only in the hate sheets of the nation, nor in some pages of the *Congressional Record*, that the sore pots may be found and examined. It is necessary to look for them among the alleged friends of the Negro, those who keep a "gentleman's agreement," as Laura Hobson has termed a similar conspiracy.

In examining the publishing field we must ever be mindful of this bland agreement of the smug to tolerate intolerance. It is easy to detect and isolate the extreme case. For example, *The Clansman*," as Benjamin Brawley has once said, "is to American literature what a Louisiana mob is to American democracy." Few publishers, editors, writers and readers can fail to see that now, just as few people can openly defend lynching though many find ingenious ways to tolerate it as Westbrook Pegler so neatly did when he found it took far less toll than traffic accidents, and should therefore not rank as so serious a problem.

But when one probes beneath the conversation of the cocktail hour among the people who manufacture our literature, one discloses other signs of infection. There are those who find that the Negro has indeed advanced since slavery, that Paul Robeson is an artist and Langston Hughes a poet. They express the pious hope that in the centuries that will unfold (a cocktail hour engenders the long view) the people will continue to advance and claim their rightful place in the white man's civilization.

Implicit in this satisfying feeling is the theory that the Negro is emerging from barbarism to civilization under the white man's tutelage, which has not always been kind, perhaps, but is nonetheless producing the effect. The patronizing tone is similar to the glib talk one hears about the "primitive" Negro who is so "quaint," so "refreshing," so "curious," so "like a noble animal."

What these theories, as appallingly ignorant as they are widespread, ignore is the plain fact of history that the Negro possessed a high civilization and a flourishing art long before the white man showered upon him the blessings of slavery. They are not aware that the "savagery" from which the slave-trader rescued the Negro included the great library of Timbuctoo, one of the greatest collections in existence during the sixteenth century. Those who measure a Negro's stature by the white blood in his veins do not know of Ahmed Baba, the great Negro scholar who before 1700 was the author of more than forty books ranging from astronomical and theological dissertations to biographies. Africa in his day was a great center of learning which attracted scholars from all parts of the Mediterranean world. Universities flourished in Ethiopia, in the Songhay, in Ghana and Melle.

But still in polite circles the Negro is said to be "coming along"; he is spoken of as a promising child, who must experience growing pains but who in time will prove his ability to appreciate and participate in the superior culture of the white man. When that time comes, say these merchants of words, it will be profitable to write about him and his life in other terms.

These attitudes, which stem from the deep-rooted sickness which seizes a people when it oppresses another people, have, in their turn, effects in terms of books and magazines. And, closing the circle, the content of these books works insidiously upon the minds of readers and writers alike, perpetuating the ancient libels, renewing the complacency, keeping American culture on its present Philistine level. The pattern is most evident perhaps in the magazines which so luridly enliven our newsstands. In them is presented in shocking blatancy the bigot's view of America. That is not a casual impression. Columbia University's Bureau of Applied Social Research has analyzed this view and reported its findings.

Experts of that agency examined eight of the nation's most widely-read magazines during the years 1937 and 1943. These were: *The Saturday Evening Post, Collier's, The American, Cosmopolitan, Woman's Home Companion, Ladies' Home Journal, True Story* and *True Confessions*. None of these magazines would confess to being adherents of a reconstituted "Aryanism," to being the proponents of white supremacy, specifically Nordic supremacy. In many of them pious editorials have been written on Americanism.

Yet this is the picture of America they presented: It is a land in which white, Protestant, English-speaking Anglo-Saxons are the masters by virtue of their obvious superiority in all things: the handsomeness of their men and the delicacy of their women, the goals they strive for, the decency with which they do business and rear their families, their cleanliness, their dignity, their patriotism, their idealism, their courage. These are the men who build the bridges, who save the heroine, who foil the gangster, who patronize the

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amusing foreigner, who tolerate the comical Negro and the wily Jew.

Summing up, the report says: "The minority and foreign groups from the European and Oriental countries, deprived as they were, received preferential treatment in these stories over two critical American minorities—the Negroes and the Jews. On several characteristics this distinction held up. The Negroes and Jews never appeared as heroes and heroines. No Negroes or Jews were depicted as members of the armed forces. They had the lowest occupational rating. They constituted the only group with more disapproved than approved traits. In short, of all the distinguishable groups of characters in magazine fiction, the Negroes and the Jews were depicted least favorably."

It is interesting to study some of the figures which led to the shocking conclusions. In all, 185 stories were examined. Of 889 identifiable characters, sixteen were Negroes and ten were Jews. Not only did the white, Protestant Anglo-Saxons always eat better food, wear better clothes, live in better homes and enjoy more of the earth's goods, but their right to it was always taken for granted. On the other hand, whenever a foreigner, a Negro or a Jew was shown to be living well or exerting an influence on the community, the author was careful to explain the phenomenon. The reader was shown how he "had inherited wealth, married well, worked hard, been lucky, or come by his gains through crooked dealings." In any event, whatever the explanation, what the story insisted on making clear was that this instance of the lower order succeeding was an isolated one, not to be taken as the rule.

Analyzing the ambitions of the characters, the bureau found that the Anglo-Saxons were for the most part concerned with what it called "heart" goals, indicating their warm human sympathy. Sixty-nine percent of them were concerned with "romantic love, marriage, affection, emotional security, adventure for its own sake, patriotism, idealism and justice." The lesser orders, including the non-Nordic foreigner, the Jews and the Negro, were impelled by "head" motivations, for the most part. They showed interest mostly in "money, self-advancement, power and dominance."

In selecting his adjectives the author, with the editor's approval, applied these to his Nordic or Anglo-Saxon characters, by and large: "intelligent, industrious, esthetic, democratic, athletic, practical, frank, lovable." The "others" were generally pictured as the "villains: domineering, immoral, selfish, unintelligent, cowardly, lazy, sly, cruel, stubborn, non-esthetic and weak."

It is unfortunate that in so scholarly a study as the bureau's the statistics on the Negro were generally included in the overall statistics of the "others." For if we sought to trace the picture of the Negro as presented in our magazine fiction, it would confirm our point: that the most widely-circulated organs of our American literature are written and published by men who find it profitable to degrade a whole people, to titillate the worst prejudices, to reduce our writing and our thinking to an artless, vicious caricature.

In precise and moderated statemen the bureau finds that "the behavior of these fictional characters could easil be used to 'prove' that the Negroes ar lazy, the Jews wily, the Irish superstitious and the Italians criminal."

For a closer look at the stereotyp of the Negro we can turn to a magazine not included in the bureau's survey because this one is said to deal fact more than in fiction. The *Reader Digest* was examined by the Nation Association for the Advancement Colored People, which subjected tw and a half year's issues to statistic analysis. They found, to nobody great surprise, that "it is evident th the *Reader's Digest* has established

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definite policy adverse to the best interests of Negroes." The report might have added, "to other Americans, as well." The NAACP continues: "In scope, this policy ranges from viciously intense anti-Negro propaganda, to that of benevolent tolerance." An attitude of what the report calls "paternal liberalism" guided its loftier articles concerning Negroes.

But more revealing than the occasional articles was the stream of anecdotes, most widely read of any of the *Digest's* features. Here the editors abandoned the patronizing manner of the benign uncle and boldly, brashly, crudely emphasized its doctrine of white supremacy. Thirty-five anecdotes with attendant illustrations were cited by the NAACP. Of these, ten could have been told of other groups or of no definite group, so that the characterization of the person to be ridiculed as Negro was gratuitous.

Twenty-nine of the thirty-five used a ludicrous dialect to identify the Negro. Frequently the anecdote called for dialogue with a Southern white whose speech was transcribed in correct, classical diction. Fourteen of the little jokes portrayed the Negro in subservient occupations such as that of maid, handyman or hack driver. Eight resorted to crude designations such as "fat," "buxom," "Negress," "darky," "pickaninny," or "mammy." Or else they used the traditional familiarity of the master to his number-one houseboy by referring to the Negro as Rastus, Sam, Lizzie or Mandy. Five of the anecdotes were accompanied by cartoon illustrations "where thick-lipped Negroes with heads of distorted proportions are inserted in the margins —to emphasize the fact that the anecdote with which it is associated is humorous because it relates to Negroes." Five attempted to make ridiculous the spectacle of Negroes in uniform.

The humor of these anecdotes depended upon these ideas: Most frequently the point evolved upon an example of a Negro's ignorance, quoting his malapropisms or guffawing at his illiteracy. Next came the Negro's alleged low morals, his loose marriage codes, his addiction to pilfering, a picture enshrined in the hearts of Americans by witless songs and sayings. Other Negroes so illustrated by the *Digest* were: the irresponsible, lazy Stepin-Fechit, the naive child-like soul without capacity for profound spiritual sensitivity; the frightened Negro, rolling white eyeballs at ghosts and bogey men; the slattern, the liar, the backward, the braggart. They are all here, adding up to a picture of "a race apart," as the NAACP indicates, "servile, petty, ignorant, lawless."

Nor let anyone be misled by the shocked disclaimers that all this was meant in fun. For such fun works in devious and sinister ways, the more effective in precise proportion that it makes one laugh. For he who laughs at a joke accepts its premises in whole or in part. If we shared the fascist's disrespect of democracy we could laugh at *Der Sturmer*.

WIDELY read and of great influence are the comic-books. Here, research has shown, the sin is of omission. Few characters are Negro or indeed anything but pure Anglo-Saxon with unmistakable names. Liberal as they are by comparison to the magazine manufacturers, comic-book publishers laugh to scorn any idea of casting a Negro in a hero's role, or even a Jew. "We are interested in circulation primarily," one comic book expert told an interviewer. "Can you imagine a hero named Cohen?"

Other statements of comic-book publishers prove that businessmen of the arts can be shown the light. One such publisher said that "villains . . . must also be free of associations with minorities because the comic cartoon manufacturers have learned from past trouble to expect future trouble from such sources."

Perhaps those who claim that they only give the public what it wants can be brought to a still healthier point of view by pressure where they are most sensitive—the newsstand sales.

Flagrantly or subtly the children's books, which are found on the knee-high tables of our well-stocked libraries help to build up the picture of the amiable but ludicrous Negro, gaudily dressed, crude in manner and easily frightened.

Typical are these quotations from a current favorite:

"Aunt Cindy wore a black silk skirt, a red shirt and short sleeves, short white gloves, and a hat with orange and blue and purple flowers and feathers. She looked very much like the big, black woman whose picture you sometimes see on a package of pancake flour. Shine boy turned his big, white plate up in front of his face and licked it clean that way. They rolled their big white eyes."

Yet it is true that the field of children's books is not as barren or as full of pitfalls as that of the magazine story. Notable among the books which have appeared in recent years is *Two is a Team* by Lorraine and Jerrold Beim and Ernest Crichlow, published by Harcourt Brace. The story tells of two boys who learn that they can work and play far better together than they can by themselves. The illustrations reveal that one is Negro, the other white.

Despite advances among the writers of children's books and among novelists, the problem in the publishing field continues to be pressing, because for every person who reads Lillian Smith's *Strange Fruit*, or Howard Fast's *Freedom Road*, or Ann Petry's *The Street*, hundreds read *Gone With The Wind*. And the doll-like figures of the gracious aristocrat and the humble slave go out to be stamped upon the minds of Americans as historical flesh-and-blood, men and women of a colorful and dashing past. This literature of crass caricature and clithe cannot be anything but bad art, and its effect must be stultifying.

THE publishing field may be examined from yet another aspect, one wherein statistics tell the story. These figures show the practical application of the gentleman's agreement. They believe the bland disclaimers of prejudice on the part of those who plead that they mean only to be funny in their anecdotes or to give the public what it wants in their short stories. For if these gentlemen were as innocent as they claim, then why is it that though in 1940 there were 69,893 persons engaged as authors, editors or reporters in the United States, only 504 were Negroes? Or why is it that of 2,000 books published last year, only twenty-eight were written by Negroes?

This in a land where the Negroes amount to more than nine percent of the total population. It will not do for the publishers of our magazines and our books to wash their hands of these statistics by passing the buck to our schools and our economic system which limit the Negro's skill and his education. All that they say in that respect is true, but there is abundant evidence that they abet the crime by practices of covert or overt discrimina-

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tion in employment. Our survey is not conclusive but nevertheless indicative.

A sampling rather than anything like complete coverage was attempted. And our queries were addressed only to those firms which were organized, so that the picture, bad as it may seem, is painted in brighter colors than the situation warrants.

We surveyed employment figures in six book publishing houses, five magazines, three book stores, one book club and two distributing firms. We found not one Negro employed in any editorial department, not one Negro in any managerial job, only one in a sales job. The rest following the picture sedulously promoted in the content of our literature, with Negroes confined to clerical or shipping jobs.

In this report, the problem is barely sketched, the strength of the forces arrayed against America's culture are barely estimated, but in it may be found the scope of our task and its tremendous urgency. For we are here to smash a gigantic lie, and thereby save not only the Negro but all of us who know that to be a jailer is to live in jail.

This report was prepared for the literature panel of the cultural conference called by the National Negro Congress, March 16, in New York City. The conference was called to survey the position of Negroes in the theater, radio, screen, music, advertising, literature and art. It was sponsored by 175 prominent men and women in those branches of cultural work. Mr. Winter is a free lance writer. Mr. Fuller is the author of the recently-published novel "A Star Pointed North," which deals with the life of Frederick Douglass.

JOURNEY TO HAWAII

To the flowers, the smiles and the lush countryside a strong labor movement adds a fresh breeze. What the big issue of statehood means.

By SARAH COOK

HONOLULU sprawls like a cat on the flat shores of Oahu Island, its paws stretching into the sharp fluted mountains that rise magnificently behind it. The sixth in a crescent chain of eight volcanic islands that comprise the territory, it is the center of the group, "the gathering place."

Dock after dock spread wide as we approached. Long, squat warehouses jutted into the green water. The cocoanut palms along the shore and the red corrugated roofs had the look of any tropical city, but the camouflage paint still conspicuous on a number of the buildings was an abrupt reminder that this was a part of America that knew the war at first hand.

Last June, for the first time in four years, "Boat Days" — the arrival of passenger ships from the mainland — became again fiesta occasions. On the dock friends and relatives stood with their arms full of flowers, orchids and carnation leis; a band played nostalgic Hawaiian airs; around the ship little boys darted like fish, diving for pennies. Everyone wore a *lei*. A three-star general looked ineffable with a lei of pink carnations atop his medals. This pleasant Polynesian custom has been carefully fostered in modern times by the Hawaiian Visitor's Bureau; the tourist trade before the war was the islands' third industry.

There is much superficial exploitation of the ancient Polynesian culture: cheap aping of the old *meles* (chants) and hulas in nightclubs for the visitor; outrigger canoes, hula and guitar lessons, grass skirts and gaudy jewelry in the clip joints of Waikiki; phony grass villages for the gullible. But this is only a vulgarization of a genuine culture that still permeates the islands. The Polynesian love of flowers and color are in the dress of the people; their legends and sports are part of every child's life. Hawaiian words are used so constantly that even the casual visitor learns a few words like *malihini* (stranger), *kamaaina* (old-timer), *haole* (mainland white). . . . Towns, streets, schools bear Hawaiian names.

The Polynesians are gentle and smiling but like their earth, which hides beneath its rich beauty the hard volcanic rock, the Hawaiian people have a solid, inexorable sense of justice. It is the spirit which made them refuse to be used as cheap field labor, thus forcing the early sugar planters to find such labor abroad.

The early planters not only took their land but introduced diseases which reduced the native population from an estimated 300,000 at the beginning of the nineteenth century to 10,988 today. The remaining pure Hawaiians, together with part-Hawaiians, Portuguese, Spanish, Puerto Ricans, *haoles*, Chinese, Japanese, Koreans, Filipinos and Negroes comprise a mixture of minorities that has been united into an American community in a typically American environment.

A BUS ride from Waikiki into the heart of Honolulu is such an absorbing experience of people you almost forget to look at the town. Nowhere else in the world will you find this rich mingling of races. A mother holds a tiny slant-eyed baby with pink ribbons woven into her black braids. She tells me the baby is Japanese-*haole*-Hawaiian: the woman is Japanese-Hawaiian, her husband *haole* of Norwegian descent. There are several old women in long Chinese dress, and young, healthy, beautiful Japanese girls dressed in bobby socks fashion.

We pass fishermen's houses along the waterfront, wooden shacks on rickety stilts facing a small harbor; then a pineapple cannery, its pungent smell sharp in our nostrils; big oil drums; florid Victorian government buildings and so on into the financial section, whose tall buildings are monuments to pineapple and sugar.

Hawaii supplies ninety percent of the world's pineapple, three percent of the world's sugar, fourteen percent of US consumption. The economy of the islands is completely tied to the two industries. As a result Hawaii must import eighty-five percent of her needs from the mainland; she is, in fact, our fifth export customer.

The production of sugar and pineapple is controlled by "The Big Five"

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—a group of corporations* with interlocking directorates; the majority of stock is in the hands of a few men, descendants of the missionaries who were the first planters. Until the recent success of industrial unionism they had a complete stranglehold upon the people. There are banks, department stores, railroads, ship lines, hotels, airlines among their subsidiaries. The tie-up was quaintly illustrated by the towels at my hotel, which were marked Matsonia, Royal Hawaiian Hotel and Moana Hotel at various times. All three are owned by the Matson Navigation Company, a Castle & Cooke corporation.

Beyond the business district, toward the mountains, the streets become crowded with wooden buildings whose false fronts are reminiscent of early Western mining towns. They are wide open to the street: barbershops with Japanese girl attendants, chop suey joints, flower booths, pool-rooms—all teeming with customers. I went through this district in the early evening, along a back walk that edged a long row of one-story wooden tenements. I looked through the open windows at dingy little rooms papered, some of them, with newspapers.

A short walk still further toward the hills brought me to the magnificent tropical parks and mansions of the wealthy. It is easy to trace the generations of success: a demure New England colonial house sits in a grove of palm trees with scarlet hibiscus blossoms peering in at its prim windows; a mid-Victorian palace rises from a formal garden and high up the beautiful mountain roads the fine modern houses are built upon the hills. There is an Hawaiian wisecrack to the effect that the missionaries came to do good and did well.

The highly cultivated sugar and pineapple plantations are spread through all the islands. Sugar growing in Hawaii is more mechanized than anywhere else in the world, with giant harvesters breaking and gathering the cane and the latest machines to clean and process it.

At the edges of the sugar acres, eating into the planters' monopoly of land, are the Army and Navy installations. The $100,000,000 base at Pearl Harbor is a city in itself with its acres of barracks, administration buildings, warehouses, docks and harbor. Schofield, Hickam, Fort De Russy, Fort Ruger are all self-sufficient Army communities. Both branches of the service keep very much to themselves and have little understanding of or sympathy for the civilian population.

You cannot be long in Honolulu without hearing about the ILWU and its regional director, Jack Hall. The International Longshoremen's and Warehousemen's Union is the parent of industrial unionism in the islands. It is the one big union of Big Five workers and to it goes the credit for breaking the long feudal employer-worker relationship. In its busy crowded office on the waterfront I talked to Jack Hall, the husky ex-seaman who has given the union brilliant leadership.

In 1935, Hall quit his ship to organize in Honolulu. He was twenty-two at the time and he had been to sea since he was sixteen. Along the Honolulu waterfront he found all the conditions the ILWU had fought and overcome on the mainland the year before: the shape-up, long hours, substandard wages, corrupt foremen, bribery. "There was an intricate system of espionage," he said. "People were being mercilessly kicked around."

He and such Hawaiian workers as Jack Kawano (Japanese), Harry Kamoku (Hawaiian), Levi Kealhoani (Hawaiian) and Maxie Weisbarth (part-Hawaiian) worked toward an industrial union that would include all workers in sugar and pineapple. Up to this time sporadic and bloody attempts to raise the miserable wage level (sugar field hands averaged about fourteen cents an hour in 1935) had failed because they had been on a racial basis. Japanese struck, Filipinos struck, but never together. The slogan of the new union was "No discrimination! One big union for all!"

The union concentrated on the waterfront; if it could bottle up sugar it would force recognition. The Big Five were acutely conscious of this. "Bust the waterfront drive," they said, "and you've seen the end of labor agitation in Hawaii."

The terror was constant. The leaders went in and out of jail with monotonous regularity under an island law which allowed people to be held without cause for forty-eight hours. The seamen helped keep the organization drive going by contributing both shore-leave and wages. Sympathetic students from the University of Hawaii provided the harassed leaders with occasional good meals and a decent bed.

1937 saw their first successful NLRB election on the island of Kauai; 1938 complete solidarity of the islands' stevedores with an inter-island seamen's strike, whose commemoration has become a labor memorial day in Hawaii. (Guardsmen, police, deputies shot down the picketing men like sheep.) In 1940 they won their first contract for plantation field-hands. Then the war and a military commission government put a temporary end to their progress. Courts were turned over to provost marshals. Writ of habeas corpus was denied. Workers were frozen to their jobs and couldn't move from one island to another. A job-freeze law was enforced by prison sentences levied by military courts.

Impatient, deeply resentful, the people waited until the spring of 1943 when Harold Ickes, then Secretary of Interior, was able—aided by pressure from all classes of Hawaiians who heartily detested the commission government—to get the courts returned to civil jurisdiction. Immediately the union began a tremendous organizing drive. The workers poured in. In two years the membership grew from 900 to 35,000—out of a working population of 150,000.

"Thirty-two sugar plantations, eleven pineapple, nine canneries, three railroads, nine stevedore outfits, three warehouses, four trucking companies all under ILWU contract . . ." Hall enumerated with quiet pride.

From the beginning the union had emphasized political action and CIO-PAC kept pace with their advance. In 1945 and again in the fall of 1946 the majority of labor's candidates won seats in the territorial legislature. They were able to introduce and pass the Hawaiian Employment Relations Act —a "little Wagner Act" giving agricultural laborers the legal right to organize.

Nothing shows the change in labor's status more than Hall's own position: ten years ago a deckhand hunted by the police for "stirring up trouble," today head of the Workmen's Compensation Division of the Labor Appeal Board and a member of the governor's Committee for Statehood.

The civil population in Hawaii wants statehood. Only the military opposes it. Under the Organic Act by which Hawaii became a Territory the

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people elect representatives and senators to the territorial legislature but have only one delegate without vote to represent them in Congress. Their governor and higher judiciary are appointed by the President. But the Sword of Damocles over the people is the clause which gives Congress the right to change the form of Hawaii's government at any time without consulting the territory. They had a bitter example during the war years in the Military Government.

Hawaii's fifteenth petition for statehood was introduced on March 7 before the Committee on Public Lands in the House of Representatives. President Truman has recommended it and so has Secretary of the Interior Krug and the Congressional subcommittee which thoroughly investigated the territory's petition. Nevertheless Hawaiians expect opposition from congressmen who will disinter the Japanese issue once more, men like John Rankin who yelled, "Do you think we want two Jap senators from Hawaii?" when the issue was broached to him in 1941.

Hawaiian-Japanese represent about a third of the people (163,000 out of 502,122). In the territorial legislature they have never voted in racial blocs. Their loyalty, their war record is now history. In Jack Hall's words, "Racial bloc voting is a bogey-man raised by the opponents of full democratic rights for the people of these islands. It is ballooned by those who have no love for democracy either in Hawaii or in the nation."

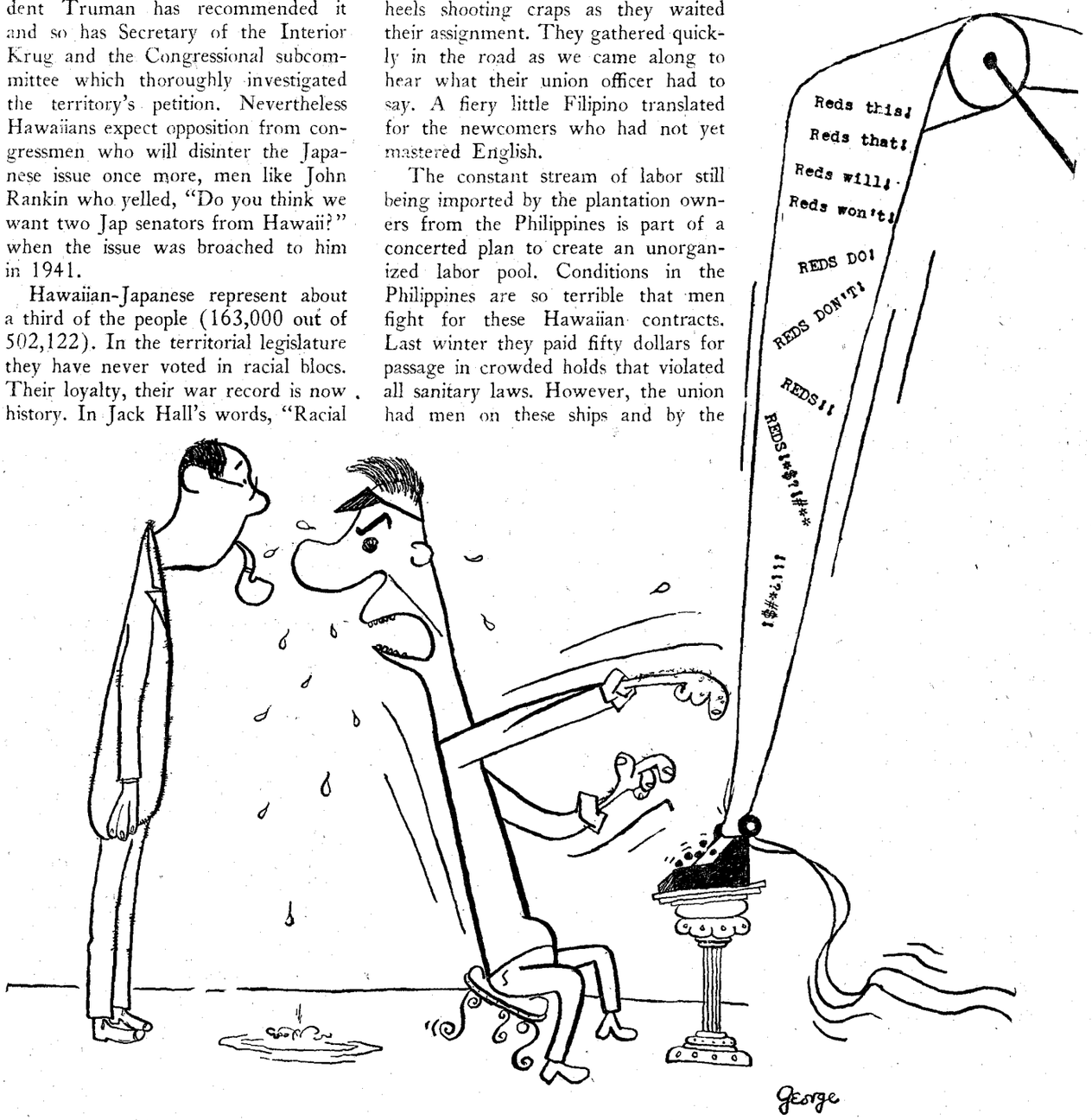
SEVERAL mornings I went along the waterfront with a union official who talked to the stevedores as they gathered for work. At six we ate in an open waterfront cafe, the juke-box going full blast, Japanese, Hawaiian, Filipino stevedores eating *poi* and raw fish for breakfast.

In front of the stevedore companies' offices the men squatted back on their heels shooting craps as they waited their assignment. They gathered quickly in the road as we came along to hear what their union officer had to say. A fiery little Filipino translated for the newcomers who had not yet mastered English.

The constant stream of labor still being imported by the plantation owners from the Philippines is part of a concerted plan to create an unorganized labor pool. Conditions in the Philippines are so terrible that men fight for these Hawaiian contracts. Last winter they paid fifty dollars for passage in crowded holds that violated all sanitary laws. However, the union had men on these ships and by the time they docked in Honolulu the majority of Filipinos had signed union cards.

Just before I left the islands I visited Jack Hall in his old-fashioned, rambling house in the Manoa valley. Friends sat on his porch talking island politics. Hall was worried about the sugar contracts which were coming up for renewal in September. "If we can get by this hurdle, nothing can break us," he said.

The union was asking for a sixty-five-cent minimum wage (the current minimum was forty), a union shop, an eighteen-and-a-half-cent raise in all categories, a forty-hour week and



"This speed-up is killing my style."

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the abolition of perquisites—a system by which the plantations supply housing and medical care on a compulsory payroll-deduction basis. In September, when these demands were presented to the Employers' Council, bargaining agent for the planters, they were turned down. The sugar locals voted solidly to strike.

The union had made the most detailed preparations. Each local, each member had specific duties. For example, strike committees made hunting and fishing compulsory and gave picket-duty credit for this gathering of food. In this fashion they managed to subsist. Public relations included continuous press releases, radio time, speeches. The public understood the issues and small business was with the strikers. Nevertheless for six weeks the employers refused to bargain. It took the union, public pressure and the insistence of the government mediators to get them to bargain.

The situation was so serious for the island economy that the Hawaiian Council of Churches appointed a fact-finding committee which asked to see the record of the negotiations. "The labor group was willing to grant this request," it reported, but "management representatives felt that such records were private property. . . . Labor up to the present time has seemed more willing . . . to modify its original position than management."

Again and again the conciliators demanded that the employers negotiate. "I must take your ignoring of these requests as an indication of a public-be-damned attitude," Stanley V. White finally wrote in an open letter to the Employers' Council. "I shall have to conclude that no matter how costly it might be, the goal upon which you had fixed was the extermination of unionism in the islands."

Nevertheless every plantation in the territory was shut down; the strike was completely effective. In the final outcome the union gained a 71½-cent minimum cash wage and the elimination of perquisites.

These recent victories of labor in Hawaii hang in the balance of the Eightieth Congress. Fully aware of this, the CIO has made statehood for Hawaii a part of its 1947 program. Statehood would mean not only security from the dangers of military government but an opportunity for Hawaiian representatives and senators to fight in Congress against the reactionary offensive.

"Our future depends on the mainland," Jack Hall said. "But we are determined to keep the gains we've made."

WHY THEY BY-PASSED UN

An editorial by JOHN STUART

BEFORE this issue of NEW MASSES leaves the press there may be a reluctant gesture from Washington toward the United Nations. This is one obligation Mr. Truman overlooked almost entirely when he ignited the Greek "crisis," tinder for which was gathered by the War and State Departments. Now the rumble of protest in Congress, at Lake Success, across the country and across the oceans, is too loud to be ignored. Unless the White House is even more deaf to dissident voices than I suspect, Mr. Truman will have to square his defiance of UN with his words of last February: "The policy of the United States, as I told the General Assembly in New York on October 23, 1946, is to 'support the United Nations with all the means that we possess . . . not as a temporary expedient but as a permanent parnership.' "

It would be foolhardy to guess in what form the gesture—if it comes at all— will be made. But it is no guess to say that whatever the phrase and the vehicle, they will be a mockery. What should have been done in the first place has not been done and having stepped outside "the fundamental law for the peoples of the world" (this was Mr. Truman's definition of the United Nations Charter), the administration, with the consent of its bipartisan adherents, is sabotaging the grand design which was distinctly Roosevelt's. The agency for securing the peace will probably be informed in highly righteous tones that the United States has decided to act independently and thus deems itself as having met its responsibilities to the UN. Few will be misled by this contempt of the Security Council. For it is as though a criminal about to commit murder telephones the local police precinct in advance and thereby feels he is absolved from his crime.

The official defiance of UN is all the more brazen because before it is a report of the Food and Agricultural Organization with recommendations on how the Greek economy can be rehabilitated. It calls for a UN mission to help Greek reconstruction at less than half the cost estimated by Mr. Truman by excluding funds for military purposes. In fact, the report points out that the poverty of Greece at present is due to a budget fifty-five percent of which is consumed by the army. The document has received the scantiest attention in the newspapers and Washington has almost shushed it into oblivion in order that nothing may collide with its *Amerika-ueber-Alles* program.

None of the arguments that UN has neither troops nor money can hold a drop of water. Greece cannot be delivered from its chaos with troops. The problem is to relieve Greece of foreign bayonets and give the Greek people a chance to determine their future for themselves. With a genuinely democratic government, with the quislings and the American and British agents removed, with UN aid to such a government, Greece could be on the road to recovery in a matter of months. The money for this assistance can be found. It can come, for example, from the United States and be administered by the United Nations. This would be a collective policy in the spirit of the UN Charter; a policy that would in part regain for America the respect of the peoples of Europe and Asia and lessen their fears that the American Navy may pay them unwelcome visits.

In truth, the more defiant and aggressive American policy becomes the less its makers are willing to abide by the United Nations. The more the Roosevelt method of dealing with other countries is abandoned the more burdensome does the General Assembly and the Security Council become, and the more the UN is pictured as a failure. For the success of the UN is predicated on the equality of all nations and on democratic cooperation among them. It is these principles which American imperialism is finding too onerous. They stand in the way of domination over other peoples.

The bipartisan course in UN was marked by hypocrisy,

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corraling of blocs of votes, attempts to subvert the procedures outlined by the Charter into anti-Soviet skirmishes. These have not been abandoned, but they have not proved too successful. Now the new tactic is to by-pass the UN whenever other tactics will not work. As long as the UN can serve as a forum for crusading against the new democracies, against colonial liberation, American imperialism will find it a satisfactory device. It found it a satisfactory device to attack the Russians on Iran; it finds it unsatisfactory for its own purposes in Greece. Had the Russians proposed action in Greece that would have by-passed the UN, we may be sure that Warren Austin, the American delegate, would have bellowed to the heavens in complaint with the echoes bouncing off Sir Alexander Cadogan.

WHEN the bipartisan camarilla begins to break agreements with UN, no one can be surprised that the Secretary of State begins to break them in Moscow. Each act is part of the larger drama of revoking and revising commitments undertaken by the American government because these commitments cannot fit into the policy of ringing a war ally with puppet states under the pretense that this ally is expanding. Not too strange then is Marshall's rejection of the basic reparations understanding signed by President Roosevelt at Yalta. If the reparations contract can be rescinded, the way is opened to revising the agreement on Poland's western borders, on demilitarization, denazification.

General Marshall is not crude in making his demands. He is pictured in the newspapers as an alert debater. But he has not as yet been pictured as a man who will do everything he can at Moscow to prove that war does not pay and that the makers of war must pay for their crimes. This is what reparations means at rock bottom. It does not represent vengeance. If the Soviets were vengeful they could raise their reparation figures to equal what they lost in material and human destruction. Marshall's resistance to what is equitable, his eagerness to revoke the solemn Yalta contract, merely confirms the knowledge that it is present American policy to build western Germany against the Russians at the same time that France, the Balkans and the Mediterranean area are sucked into the orbit of American imperialism.

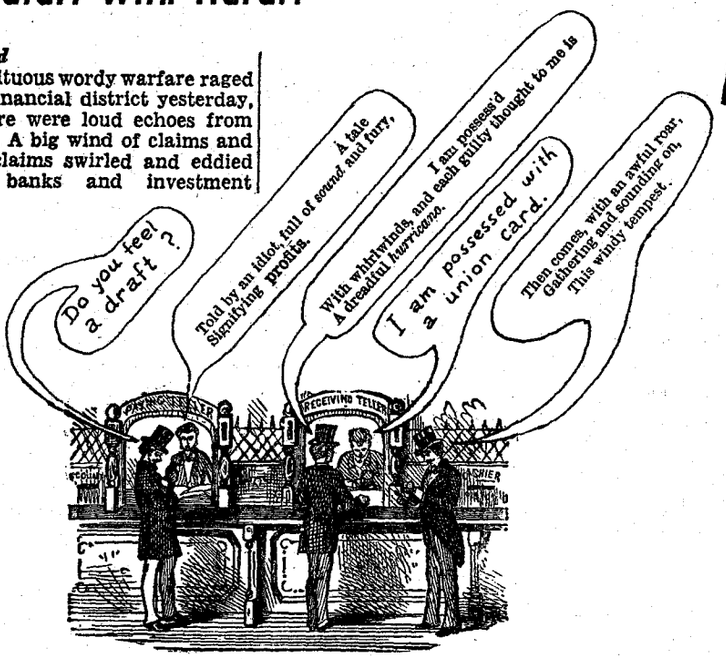
Instead of Germany paying its victims, it will be we who will be paying the Germans. Such is the brutal perversity of the American plan. Millions in American taxpayers' money are being pumped into the western zones while the American monopolists move in and take over—particularly since the British and American bi-zonal agreement was concluded in violation of Potsdam. And it is these monopolists who are opposed to reparations, for it inevitably weakens their hold just as denazification weakens the hold of the German cartelists. The sudden compassion for the Germans which infiltrates the American press, in Luce's *Life*, for example, is not a compassion for those who are suffering. If it were compassion it would also be expressed for the foodless Yugoslavs. It is a sentimental screen behind which the gilded American rulers hope for a German economic revival, not along the lines laid down at Potsdam but along lines which leave the monopolists in control while ex-Nazis pull the administrative switches.

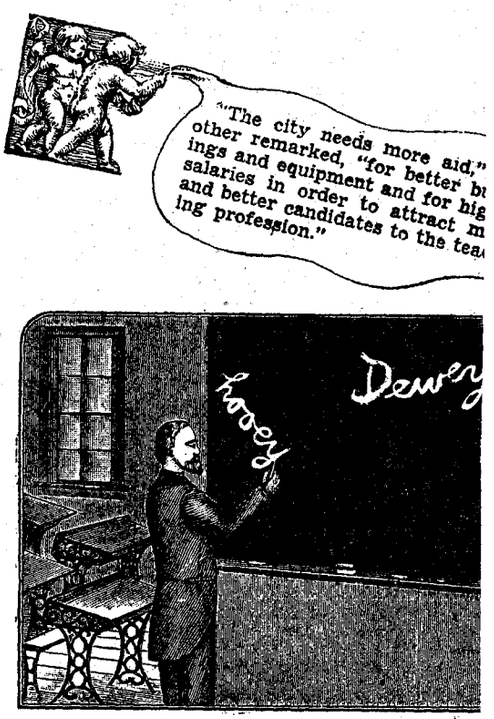
Such is the outcome of abandoning agreements, of using Potsdam against Yalta, and Greek fascism against Greek democracy. But the more the country is pushed away from collective international enterprise the more do people recognize the dangers before them. The deep rumble down below over the Truman Doctrine was not anticipated by its makers. They thought they would have fairly easy sailing. Instead there is a storm moving in on them with promise of hurricane proportions. The promise lies in adding millions of protest letters to the hundreds of thousands already hammering Washington. It lies also in expanding such lobbying of Congress as has been conducted by PCA members from twelve states; in campaigns planned by the United Committee Against Intervention in Greece and Turkey; in more and more meetings. Not a minute must tick away without telling action.

On Safari With Harari

Big Wind

Tumultuous wordy warfare raged in the financial district yesterday, and there were loud echoes from Chicago. A big wind of claims and counterclaims swirled and eddied among banks and investment houses.


Do you feel a draft?
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury, Signifying profits.
With whirlwinds, and cash guilty thought to me is A dreadful hurricano.
I am possessed with a union card.
Then comes, with an awful roar, Gathering and sounding on, This windy tempest.


"The city needs more aid," other remarked, "for better bu ings and equipment and for hig salaries in order to attract m and better candidates to the tea ing profession."
Dewey
Hoover

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"OUT INTO THE SUN—LARKIN IS CALLING YOU"

Here was a giant of Ireland—a great-hearted son of the working class. And America knew him, too.

By ELIZABETH GURLEY FLYNN

LIKE a bitter wind, grief swept across Ireland on January 30. The sad news spread: *"Jim Larkin is dead."* For over forty years the people have known this tall, gaunt, slightly stooped man, with the rough-hewn face, the unruly hair, the burning blue eyes. His words of passionate hatred poured out against everything that oppressed the Irish poor, the heavily-laden toilers of Dublin's slums, Belfast's sweatshops, the seaports, fields and bogs of Ireland. He lifted their heads and hearts. His terrible anger filled them with fire, his tender love for them gave then awareness of their own strength and worth. With him they swore that *"Ireland shall be free, from the center to the sea!"* They struggled to throw off the double yoke of British imperialism and Irish capitalism. The job is not finished—yet.

Larkin gathered the workers into the Irish Transport and General Workers' Union. Together with James Connelly he built a Citizens' Army. Never did the Irish workers have such a voice. They will not see his like again. Past the very places where his mighty voice had thundered, through the slushy streets of Dublin, they bore him to his lonely snow-covered grave. Workers from dock, factory, train and field; Communist Party and labor union delegations, from North and South and from England and Scotland, were there united in a common grief. The advance guard were the veterans of the Irish Citizens' Army, who fought in the Easter Week Uprising of 1916. "Neither King nor Kaiser—but Ireland" was their slogan. James Connelly was executed that fateful spring thirty-one years ago. Larkin would have died beside him except that he was on a mission across the Atlantic, held against his will by a wartime Anglo-American agreement, while his comrades fought and died.

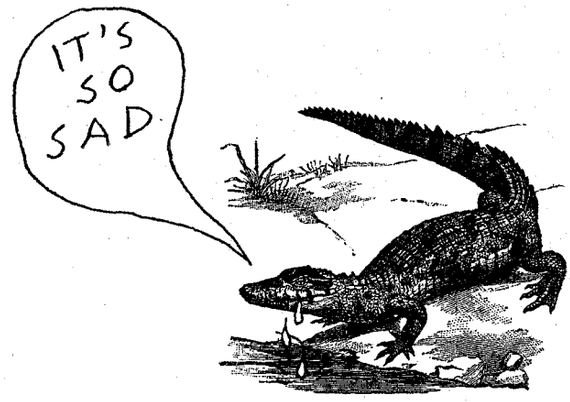
James Larkin was born in Newry, in County Down, Ireland, in 1879. He had an elementary school education there and in Liverpool, where he was taken as a young child. "Liverpool Irish" they called him later in a vain attempt to prejudice the native-born Irish against him. The revolutionary tradition was his natural heritage. A relative of his was hung in 1867, one of the Manchester martyrs. He had been betrayed by a turncoat, Carey, whose name became synonymous with treason to the Irish people, among whom none is more execrated than "an informer." A Budenz would be the object of supreme contempt in Ireland.

Larkin had to go to work at an early age. It was his proud boast that he had "been a member of a union from the age of thirteen." His varied lot was hard—as a dairy worker, sailor, dockworker, painter, butcher and at one time a professional football player. In 1901 he was in the US Navy. His life work as a labor organizer began at twenty-five years of age, in 1904, for the National Union of Dock Laborers of England and Scotland. In 1907 his work shifted to Belfast, in North Ireland, where on July 12 he addressed a great meeting of Orange and Catholic workers, urging them to unite against their common enemy—the Belfast capitalists. This

Housing PLAN
PALM BEACH, FLA. Oceanfront estate with multi-level tile and stucco residence (17 rooms, 8 baths) designed by SCHMUTZ CO. and modernized by Khanda Kashi Situated on plot 182x345 ft. with heavy tropical plantings. Flower pond. Swimming pool with bath house and cabana. Sandy beach. Detached 3-car garage with chauffeur's quarters. Price $175,000. Property #41341

BELGRADE, YUGOSLAVIA.

IN THIS unhappy land, where Asia's thundering surf is now washing away the last remnants of European civilization, men address their fellow men as "comrade"—in the Slovene language the word is *tovarish*—and the five-pointed red star is in evidence everywhere.



Harari.

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day ("Orangemen's Day") had usually been "celebrated" by a pitched battle between Catholic and Protestant Irish.

His plan was to organize the unskilled workers of Ireland, regardless of religion, section or industry. In Cork he was arrested and sentenced to a year in prison for the extraordinary crime of collecting dues for a British union and using the funds to aid Irish strikers in Dublin with the consent of the headquarters in Liverpool. After this frame-up the Irish decided to have their own union. The Irish Transport and General Workers' Union was born in 1908. At this time, from 1903 to 1911, James Connelly was in the United States. On the insistence of Larkin and others he returned and became the Belfast organizer of the union. He transferred his magazine *The Harp* to Ireland before he left America and Larkin edited it as the *Irish Nation*. Five libel actions were pending against it when Connelly arrived.

As CO-WORKERS Connelly and Larkin were a powerful team. Connelly was a Marxist theoretician, an organizer, a writer. Larkin was beyond all else an agitator, a magnificent orator, who could stir and move people to incredible heroism. Together they carried on the struggle against the lockout of 1913. Lenin, in Switzerland at the time, wrote: *"A talented leader, possessing remarkable oratorical talent, a man of seething Irish energy, Larkin has performed miracles among the unskilled workers."*

Sean O'Casey describes his effect upon Dublin's slum dwellers: "Out into the sun! Larkin is calling you!

. . . . From a window in the building (Liberty Hall), leaning well forth as he spoke, he talked to the workers, spoke as only Jim Larkin could speak, not for an assignation with peace, dark obedience, or placid resignation, but trumpet-tongued of resistance to wrong, discontent with leering poverty, and defiance of any power strutting out to stand in the way of their march onward. 'Who will stand, who will fight for the right of men to live and die like men?' he called out. 'We will!' came back in serried shout and grimy hands were lifted high, strong hands and daring that could drive a pile, handle a plough, sail a ship, stoke a furnace, or build a city."

William Murphy, who owned half of Dublin — streetcars, department stores and newspapers—had declared: *"No work for any man who is a member of Larkin's union."* "Larkinism" was denounced in pulpit and press. The union answered the lockout with a strike of 20,000 workers. It spread to all unskilled Dublin workers. Finally thirty-seven unions were involved and Dublin was in a sympathetic general strike. Irish police and British soldiers were mobilized. Two workers, Byrne and Nolen, were beaten to death. Hundreds were injured daily. Larkin and Connelly were jailed several times. British labor answered Larkin's call for help with food ships. The first truckload was wheeled off the ship by Larkin.

When English workers offered homes to Irish strikers' children, a roar of indignation went up from the clergy: Archbishop Walsh added to the "danger to their religion" the argument that "comfortable quarters elsewhere would make them discontented ever after with their poor homes in Dublin"! The women were organized by Delia Larkin, Jim's sister, into the "Irish Women Workers" and it gladdened Bill Haywood's eyes to see "IWW" in Liberty Hall.

I have before me two precious worn pamphlets, "Larkin's Scathing Indictment of Dublin's Sweaters," his speech on Oct. 2, 1913, before an investigating commission; and "The Dublin Strike," a speech by AE (George W. Russell), the famous Irish writer, who spoke on Nov. 1, 1913, to 12,000 people in the Royal Albert Hall in London. In the hearing Mr. Murphy asked that the employers be represented by counsel "as they recognized they had not the ability to present their own case." Larkin replied the workers had no objection but "are surprised that great captains of industry, as these men claimed to be, were so deficient in mental and oratorical ability as to be unable to do their own work. Their appeal proved the workers' contention

that they (the workers) carried on industry." When the commissioners asked if the workers desired assistance, Larkin replied "No, we know our own case."

ONE day in 1914 there was a knock at the door of our flat in the South Bronx. A tall stranger stood there, asking for my mother. "Jim Connelly sent me," he said simply, "I'm Larkin." With what joy we greeted our famous Irish guest! Many a time after that during his nine years of enforced exile in our inhospitable country, we found this lonely man drinking a pot of tea with "my country-woman," as he called my mother, and talking with her about the Emerald Isle. He lived in a basement room on Patchen Place and the teakettle was always boiling when Jim was there. He hated all alcoholic drink. "The curse of the Irish," he called it. I remember a sophisticated "flapper" of that day saying "I hear you're true to your wife, Jim." His reply was sternly simple—"I am," in his somber, serious way. She turned away ashamed of her impertinence.

When he arrived, he joined the Socialist Party and worked closely with the IWW (Industrial Workers of the World), of which Connelly had been an organizer. When the left wing of the SP developed, he was on its executive committee in New York City. In June, 1919, he was a delegate to its national conference. Larkin was a close friend and co-worker of John Reed at that time, on the paper *The Revolutionary Age*. When the left wing of the SP was expelled and became the American Communist Party, James

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Larkin, the great Irish labor leader exiled by the war, became a founding member.

He was arrested in the infamous Palmer Red Raids and in 1920 was sentenced under the New York Criminal Anarchy Law to five to ten years. He spent three terrible years in Sing Sing and Danemora Prison. Part of the $15,000 bail raised before his trial was secured by John Devoy, the Irish editor, and it was rumored that De Valera had placed the funds with Devoy because of the tremendous pressure from Ireland. He was finally pardoned by Gov. Alfred E. Smith, who released all those convicted under this archaic law. Their conviction was judged by the governor to be an unwarranted interference with the freedom of political discussion.

Then the federal government took a hand. After denying him the right to return to his native land for all those years, at the behest of the British government, it now deported him as an "undesirable alien." All he found in this country was poverty, enforced separation from his family and friends, abuse, imprisonment, deportation. He left, glad to see the last of capitalist America. He was fearless here, as everywhere. He spoke on the waterfront, to the unemployed, at strike meetings. He talked plain, stinging words to Irish-Americans on Red-baiting. The smug reactionaries among them hated him as much as did the Murphys in Ireland.

He was greeted with gigantic popular demonstrations by the Irish workers. He was elected to the *Dail Eireann* (national parliament) in 1927 and barred from his seat as a Communist. Later he was elected as a member of the Labor Party, and occupied this place at his death. (His son, James Larkin, Jr., is also a member.) He headed the Irish Workers Union at the time of his death. He visited the Soviet Union and was honored by the Russian people. He recently visited England and was welcomed there with great enthusiasm and affection by the Irish and British workers.

Larkin's life was ever stormy and full of struggle; like a mighty swimmer he met every oncoming wave with fierce fury. He was a worker, a union member, a Socialist, a Communist, a nationalist, an internationalist, a union organizer, an editor. But above all else, Jim Larkin was an agitator, a great orator whose crime in all capitalist countries was that "he stirreth up the people." Haywood, Debs, Tom Mann, spoke like that before speakers became prisoners of microphones. Passionately, warmly with fire and feeling, as well as facts and figures; poetically, simply, sincerely, the cry for justice rang out of the mighty heart of Jim Larkin—now stilled.

Drawings by George Morris.

He was in deadly earnest; he cared nought for applause, effect, style; yet he was one of the most colorful and dramatic figures of the modern labor movement, a hero of many episodes. Once when he was barred from speaking he put on false whiskers and clerical garb and spoke from the window of a Murphy-owned hotel. "Jim is here!" the workers cried with joy. While they confidently watched and waited for his coming that day one worker had said: "There's a funeral to come along and when the hearse gets into the middle o' the crowd Jim'll pop out of the coffin and say his say!" When he didn't appear on February 3, the Irish workers knew *"Jim Larkin is dead."*

May the sod rest lightly on this great and good man, who will live forever in the hearts and deeds of the militant Irish working class for whom he lived, and of all of us who were honored to know and love him. More power to Jim Larkin, Jr., who is calling for a united Irish labor movement in the name of his immortal father, whose death united them in the common grief that swept Ireland like a bitter wind.

Easter-Dublin 1916

The stone shall yet be rolled away
And portents rock the lying priest,
And Granuaile put off her grey
And match the dayspring in the East.

That which is parcelled shall be pieced,
And, where the unjust landmark lay,
United Irishmen shall feast
On Ireland's other Easter Day.

Of green and orange blent there grows
A brighter scarlet than the rose,
That to the suffering and silent

Gives heart again and voice to sing:
Fly out, red flag, in the green island!
Fly home, wild geese, to greet the spring!

JOHN MANIFOLD.

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Leon Josephson:

I Am A Communist

The credo of a courageous American which was blacked-out by the commercial press.

For weeks now a saturnalia has reigned in the commercial press on the Eisler case and on the Communist Party. Hitleresque versions of the Communist have been splashed across the American scene by the Hearst mentality that dominates so much of our journalism and that roars in indignation at even a whisper that our press is not so free as the Newspaper Publishers' Association contends. But let a Communist give his story and our "free press" suddenly clams up: either he is totally blacked-out or at best a few paragraphs of his position are printed.

That was the case of Leon Josephson, a New York attorney and a Communist. In full public view he handed copies of his statement to the reporters at the House Un-American Activities Committee hearing which had subpoenaed him regarding the Eisler case. It was virtually ignored. Truth demands that it reach the American people. We feel Mr. Josephson's statement one of extreme pertinence to the questions posed on the public forum of the day: it is the statement of an American, a democrat, a Communist—a courageous and honest man. Our press has become so regimented in our time, is so much the brazen creature of the powerful interests which dominate our land, that it fears to present such a view to the public. We feel it is an obligation of our readers to get it to as many Americans as possible so that they will know a Communist's story.—THE EDITORS.

I AM an American. I believe in democracy, in government of the people, by the people and for the people, which to me means government that stands for the greatest good for the greatest number, even if that greatest good can only be obtained at the expense of a few.

The Constitution of the United States guarantees to me the freedom to advocate changes in our constitutional form of government and changes in our economic system, using the procedure set forth in that Constitution for effectuating such changes. That freedom of expression I have freely exercised, and shall continue to do so.

I am a Communist. Like all Communists, and like most Americans, I am also anti-fascist. In the early years of Nazism I saw clearly what this committee does not see even now, that fascism leads directly to war. It leads to the extermination of my people—the Jewish people—as well as to the extermination of all that is good in our society. It leads to the end of the democracy in which I believe, and to the end of the civilization we all know.

As a Communist and an anti-fascist I took an active part in the fight against Hitler long before most Americans felt that a fight was necessary.

I went to Europe and worked with the underground in Germany. I did not hesitate to risk my life in this work, and I spent four months in solitary confinement in a Danish dungeon, charged with "attempting to assassinate Hitler."

In the course of my anti-fascist work I helped some people to get into Germany so that they could better fight Hitler, and I helped others to escape from Germany so that they would live to carry on the fight against fascism elsewhere.

I know that during these years I freely violated the laws of Nazi Germany. It has been charged that I was also guilty of a technical violation of the laws of this country. If I ever did violate a law of this country I certainly harmed no one, and did what I did in an honest effort to help save humanity from its greatest enemy. Working in an underground movement is a dangerous business and often involves such risks. Everything I did, I did consciously and with full knowledge of all the dangers involved. I am not ashamed of what I did; on the contrary I am proud of it.

I cannot be shocked at the thought that my activities may have violated some law or other, and I can claim the best of historical precedents for my actions. Samuel Adams, Patrick Henry and George Washington violated laws too, and our independence was won by their efforts.

The Abolitionists, in 1850, violated laws by smuggling Negroes out of slavery into the free North, and slavery was destroyed through their efforts.

In more recent times over 3,500 American heroes went to Spain to fight fascism. If any of them did violate any law, a higher morality motivated them when they defied our State Department to fight Hitler and Mussolini.

Had more people been so motivated the last war might have been avoided.

The role of this un-American committee is clear to any one familiar with the American political scene. For nearly ten years, it has smeared the New Deal and every progressive group in the country.

Now, because of a change in political fortunes, it is attempting to assassinate politically, by scare headlines and Red-baiting, the remnants of the New Deal.

By creating a hysteria over communism, it is trying to scare every progressive into acquiescence to reaction, to destroy the progressive trade unions and to wipe out the broad social gains achieved under Roosevelt.

I do not believe that this committee is activated by ignorance, but rather by a well-planned program to create a national psychological basis for a domestic brand of fascism.

I have been advised by counsel that the proceedings of this committee are repugnant to the provisions of our Constitution, and I feel it my duty to challenge its legality in the courts. I am confident that I will ultimately be sustained.

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THE COURT JUGGLERS

America's supreme tribunal "not only follows the election returns, but intends to influence them."

By ABRAHAM UNGER

This is the second and concluding installment of an article on the Supreme Court decision in the case of the United Mine Workers and John L. Lewis.

In the first installment, which appeared last week, Mr. Unger, who is a well-known New York attorney, pointed out the tortuous reasoning by which the Court majority virtually nullified the Norris-LaGuardia anti-injunction act.

HAVING killed the victim, the Court found disposing of the body a simple matter. The layman will the better appreciate the gravity of the Court's decision if he realizes that it could have found Lewis and the United Mine Workers' Union guilty of contempt without nullifying the Norris-LaGuardia act. In fact, that is the position taken by Justices Jackson and Frankfurter, who refused to join with the five-man majority on their analysis of the act, but agreed with them that there was a contempt of court, Judge Jackson without opinion, Judge Frankfurter in a typically lofty rationalization of a low deed.

Chief Justice Vinson rejected the contention that, the restraining order being void, the defendants could not be guilty of violating it. Again he found it necessary to ignore a long line of decisions which hold that "orders made by a court having no jurisdiction to make them may be disregarded." The reason is obvious, even to the layman. If the court acts without jurisdiction, its act is as meaningless as that of any private citizen. Ours is government of law, and a judge has no more power than the law gives him.

The law says: "No court shall have jurisdiction to issue an injunction in a labor dispute." That interdiction appears to be clear and inescapable. But the Court again "cannot find" anything in the law. Says Vinson: "In the case before us the District Court had the power to preserve existing conditions while it was determining its own authority to grant injunction relief." Obviously this makes the law not what Congress enacted, but what prejudice, ignorance, or expediency might dictate.

Both Judges Rutledge and Murphy discard such bad and dangerous reasoning: "I know of no decision . . . that a refusal to obey orders or judgments contravening Congress' mandate is criminal, etc." (Rutledge). "There is no exception in favor of a restraining order where there is some serious doubt about the court's jurisdiction; indeed the prohibitions against restraining orders would be futile were such an exception recognized, for the minds of lawyers and judges are boundless in their ability to raise serious jurisdictional objections" (Murphy).

Justice Frankfurter neatly cancels out his support of the Norris-LaGuardia act by his irresponsible opinion on this point. Like the devil quoting scripture, he quotes Samuel Adams that our political society is "a government of law, not of men," and then proceeds to prove the opposite. The restraining order was proper in this case, says Frankfurter, because the issue was "complicated and novel."

If it is hereafter to be the rule of law that an order issued without jurisdiction is void except when a judge decides that the case before him is "complicated and novel," then we are in fact living under a government of men not of law. It is sheer nonsense to argue, especially in the highest court in the land, that parties are to be at the mercy of such subjective tests. The least literate layman is taught that "ignorance of the law is no excuse." Yet the Supreme Court enunciates the doctrine that ignorance of the law by a judge is a good excuse for his issuing an injunction holding citizens in contempt and punishing them criminally and civilly.

BOTH Vinson and Frankfurter rely heavily on the Shipp case, which constitutes no more authority than would any citation picked by a blind man thumbing through a volume of Supreme Court reports. In that case Sheriff Shipp permitted a prisoner to be lynched, in the face of an injunction restraining action pending an appeal from a denial of a writ of habeas corpus sought by the prisoner. Shipp resisted contempt proceedings on the ground that the constitutional grounds raised in the appeal had no merit. Obviously, Shipp had no right to determine as a matter of law whether the questions raised in the proceedings were good or bad. Only the court is given that power, precisely by law.

But Lewis did have the right to determine that the District Court lacked the power to act when Congress said: "No court shall issue an injunction in a labor dispute," and the Court had both the duty and the right so to find. If a judge is not quite bright enough to master a "complicated and novel" question, it is his duty to resign or refer it to a wiser judge. But it is the law, not ignorance of the law, which authorizes injunctions.

Judges Murphy and Rutledge recognize the evils that lurk in Frankfurter's reasoning. The former says "time and again strikes are broken merely by the issuance of a temporary restraining order purporting to maintain a status quo."

Judge Rutledge makes an even profounder point: "The First Amendment liberties especially would be vulnerable to nullification by such control. Thus, the constitutional rights of free speech and free assembly could be brought to naught and censorship established widely over those areas merely by applying such a rule to every case presenting a substantial question concerning the exercise of those rights. This Court has refused to countenance a view so destructive of the most fundamental liberties. . . . These and other constitutional rights would be nullified by the force of invalid orders issued in flat violation of the constitutional provisions securing them, and void for that reason."

In circles where the law is still looked upon as an honorable calling, Frankfurter is considered one of the spiritual fathers of the Norris-LaGuardia act. While he is not yet ready to disclaim paternity, he is serving notice in this opinion that he has withdrawn

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support. And thus again labor must combat not only the vast economic power of monopoly, but the judicial power, which the Norris-LaGuardia act was forever to demilitarize out of labor-capital disputes. This time labor resumes the battle with an old supporter not out of its ranks but in the ranks of the enemy. How prophetic the Frankfurter of 1930: "While the decisions express abstract legal principles they derive from delicate and contemporaneous issues of policy. But economic sympathies and prepossession may unwittingly foreclose the solution of these issues."

But in 1930, Frankfurter had no vested interest in a seat on the Supreme Court, which is rarer and more valuable than a seat on the Exchange.

THE third stage of the case, the fines of $10,000 against Lewis and $700,000 against the union, are best described in Rutledge's words: ". . . The idea that a criminal prosecution and a civil suit for damages or equitable relief could be hashed together in a single criminal-civil hodgepodge would be shocking to every American lawyer and to most citizens."

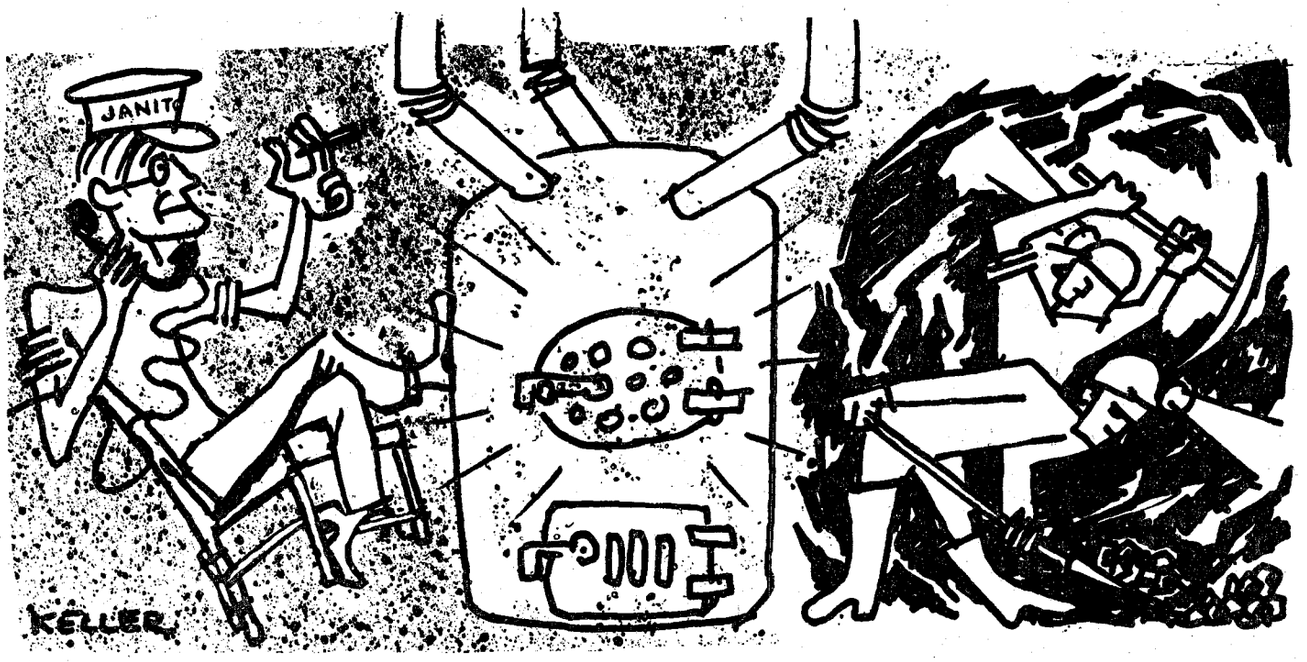
In this case the defendants have been found guilty of criminal and civil contempt. There is nothing to indicate where the fine applies: how much for damages; how much for punishment; how much for coercion. The majority of the Court apportioned $700,000 as a criminal punishment, and $2,800,000 as civil coercion, to take effect only if the defendants fail to comply with the injunction.

To appreciate the enormity of this fine of $700,000 it must be seen in the light of the provision of the War Labor Disputes Act. As Rutledge points out, under that act the union could have had a trial by jury and at worst a fine of $5,000; in this case without trial or jury the union is penalized $700,000!

On this section of the case, Judges Black and Douglas dissented from the majority in what may be called a conscience-salving opinion. They proposed that the $700,000 and $10,000 be waived if the defendants comply. Seven hundred thousand dollars is a lot of money, but that is hardly the most important aspect of this case.

The defendants will have the opportunity for a rehearing in which these (elementary) legal deficiencies can be pointed out to the majority. Lest the layman raise any false hopes, he should remember that the extraordinarily able and principled opinions of Justices Murphy and Rutledge were insufficient to influence their seven colleagues. As Mr. Dooley might have said: the Supreme Court not only follows the election returns, but intends to influence them.

Even Judges Murphy and Rutledge are not immune to the atmosphere created by their colleagues. The majority grounds its judgment on the "serious threat" to law and order, and on the "economic and social welfare," noble sentiments having what Judge Murphy calls "seductive attractiveness." But even Judge Murphy refers to the Norris-LaGuardia act "as inadequate to meet an emergency situation." That concession is unnecessary and unsound. The coal-mine "emergency" arose because the government (which the majority insists was an "employer") did not bargain with its "employes," not because the workers exercised their fundamental right to strike. The blame for the emergency rests on the government, not on the miners. Hence the Norris-LaGuardia



"Harry, tell your employes to send up more steam!"

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act has no relevance to the "emergency" or to the "social and economic welfare" with which the Court appears to be concerned.

Had the Court upheld the act it would have served notice on employers that the Supreme Court, at least, would not approve the use of the government as the open ally of employers in labor disputes; that it would not encourage a new wave of resistance to collective bargaining, to union organization and to demands for improved economic conditions.

The technique used by the majority is not peculiar to the Supreme Court. In fact its simultaneous use by the various branches of government—executive, legislative and judicial—creates the impression of a studied plan. In this case, the Supreme Court justifies its disregard of the law and its anti-labor decision in the guise of defense of the economic and social welfare of the nation in an emergency. In Congress Senators and Representatives solemnly discuss the dangers of monopoly, and thereupon launch savage attacks upon the constitutional rights of trade unions. The Secretary of Labor, presumably discussing the evil of industrial unrest, ignores the corporate monopolies which are responsible for the evil, but proposes to deny American workers the right to work if they believe that the ills of our society ought to be eliminated by replacing the capitalist system with socialism. And the President of the United States speaks of the need to defend democracy, then proposes support to Greece and Turkey where it is non-existent.

We can expect the effect of this decision to spread through the courts like an epidemic, unless checked. State courts will add refinements reflecting the specific influence of big business in their states. There are police magistrates who are undoubtedly watering at the mouth for the chance to quote the Chief Justice of the United States or Mr. Justice Frankfurter as they cheerfully send pickets to jail for ninety days for exercising the right of free speech and assembly.

These are the effects which can be forecast unless organized labor and progressive groups again unite, reorganize their forces, and launch their counter-offensive against reaction. When that happens the Supreme Court will find adequate precedent to overrule or overlook its decision in the Lewis case.

Judas of the Big Money

DESERT the working class and write a book: the motto of all the Gitlows, Valtins, Barmines, Kravchenkos and Budenzes. "Confessionals" of thrice triple turncoats which by the ordinary canons of judgment would have no market and no reputable publisher are emblazoned and drummed-up into best-sellers through most scandalously artificial impositions upon the public under the guise of "objective truth."

What a comment on the political, cultural and ethical pattern of monopoly capitalism!

Why does Budenz feel assured of impunity in parading his treachery in the guise of gilded sainthood? Because this monstrous deception, decked out as a book and greeted as such, as well as the fanfare of publicity surrounding its author's renegacy, is part of the Roman holiday of Red-baiting, part of the entire anti-labor and reactionary imperialist drive in which every lie grows in virtue as it grows in enormity, in which the greater the crime against decency the greater the volume of the plaudits.

The trade unionist need only bear in mind that on the express basis of Budenz' testimony before the House Labor Committee, Harold Christoffel, a leader of the Allis-Chalmers strikers, was fired by the company.

The author's claim to fame is based on his nimbleness in jumping on and off every bandwagon, on his fleetness in running with the hares and hunting with the hounds, on his dexterity in writing (as he admits) *Daily Worker* copy with his right hand while fingering a rosary with his left, and on his emulation of his classic predecessor in the sell-out game—Judas Iscariot.

The discerning reader will easily recognize the preposterousness of the impression the book seeks to create that its author (if he is that) was a top-most leader, a sort of "brain-truster" in the Communist Party's "inner councils." He will know how to accept the "revelations" and "top-flight" accounts of what the book-jacket advertises as "the secret policies and methods of the Communist Party" by this venal megalomaniac who was never a member of the party's National Board and did not attend its meetings.

Likewise, no one who has not been polluted by the poison propaganda of fascism will fail to see in the "accounts" of meetings with "Moscow agents" the lurid inventiveness of a well-prompted provocateur.

And as to the "secret meetings" of the Communist National Committee, however much the imperialist and clerico-fascist sponsors and patron lords of this book may seek to play up the "exposes," their efforts are something of an anti-climax. For these "exposes" have long ago, in every case, been publicized voluntarily and systematically by the Communist Party in published reports and articles which discussed the convenings and deliberations of every National Committee meeting in consonance with its conscious responsibility to the American working class and the American people.

In itself, the "confessional" cant of this Tartuffe reincarnated deserves to be beneath notice. It is only worth considering as a provocation against the interests of the nation, the cause of democracy and peace; against everything the labor and progressive movements represent; against the interests basically of the American people, regardless of political convictions or religious beliefs.

Its value lies only in the effect that it can have, against its intent, of alerting the anti-fascists of our nation, non-Communists and Communists, to intensified struggle against the American heirs of Hitler.

THE EDITORS.

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review and comment

JOURNEY TO NOWHERE

John Steinbeck drives a broken-down vehicle off the main highway of American life.

By MILTON BLAU

Oh, dear, what can the matter be?
Johnny's so long at the fair. . . .

He promised to bring me a bunch of
blue ribbons
To tie up my bonnie brown hair.
(Nursery Song.)

EIGHT years is a long time to wait for a bus which not only goes down the wrong road but gets stuck there. And in spite of the arbitrary symbolism which John Steinbeck pastes on the windshield the journey is uncomfortable, for the road to San Juan de la Cruz leads to no city of men but to the sticky bog of William Saroyan's amorphous love and to Henry Miller's marsh of perverse reality.*

On all counts, *The Wayward Bus*, in story, form, style and character development, is a simple mechanism. The novel embraces a handful of people who are delayed enroute to San Juan de la Cruz from Rebel Corners. They are stuck overnight at the roadside establishment of Juan Chicoy which operates as an eatery, bus terminal and repair garage. Before the sun rises on the momentous day which consumes the time area of the story, Chicoy has repaired the bus which had broken down. We are introduced to the characters at breakfast with their various early morning complaints. When the Greyhound bus pulls into Rebel Corners to drop one passenger, Camille Oaks, whose sexiness shines out like a neon sign, *The Wayward Bus* is ready to roll. The storm has started, the heavens are flashing, the river is rising. The understructures of the bridges are threatening to shove off downstream. This is the moment of supreme crisis: shall Juan Chicoy and his passengers risk crossing the bridge? They decide (by vote) that they would rather risk driving up the abandoned road which once was used by stagecoaches. They do this. The old bus is deliberately maneuvered off the road by Juan, who has plans of starting life all over again by deserting his passengers and his wife Alice, who has remained behind at the eatery preparing to get stinko. Juan plans to return to Mexico. He gets as far as an old barn, where he takes a nap and is awakened by a passionate damsel (Mildred Pritchard, one of his passengers). Chicoy changes his mind for some obscure reason which has been lost in the churned hay. He returns to old *Wayward*, in the vicinity of which several trivial things have happened. With the aid of his passengers and some fence posts he digs Sweetheart, the bus, out of the mud and drives onward to San Juan. That's the book; and taken on this level everything is clear, if not too interesting.

On the level of allegory the reader must deal with a mystery in which the fewest clues have been allowed to show. The important ones in my opinion are those which pertain to the direction of travel taken by the bus. Rebel Corners has a certain romantic symbolism in its name, although it has none in its being in the story: the bus departs from here. It is moving toward San Juan de la Cruz, which in name again has a meaning but is meaningless to the story and to all characters in the story.

The name painted on the bus is "Sweetheart," but underneath the paint and clearly visible is the bus' former name, "*El Poder de Jesus*" (the Power of Jesus).

Taking all this together we might say that the allegory shows man moving from a dim sort of restless "reality" (Rebel Corners) on a beaten vehicle of love which once was powerful (once "The Power of Jesus," and now just "Sweetheart") through trials (of thought [!], ego, flood and calamity) and along a romantic road of retreat (the stagecoach road) which travels (forward or backward?) to Saint John of the Cross, or religious mysticism, which lies at the end of the journey.

Or at least this would be the sense of the allegory if it had in some manner been integrated with the story and the people who populate it. But Steinbeck's set of characters are shallow and in any large sense unconscious of their world. His dubious hero, Juan Chicoy, a Mexican-Irish bus driver and eatjoint owner, illustrates this argument.

Chicoy is a guy with a flat stomach who is weary, in a dreamy way, of his routine living. He is weary of his wife, Alice, whose only real virtue in Juan's eyes is that she knows how to cook beans in the Mexican style. Aside from this she is his main workhorse in the hash house. Juan charts his action with whispered pledges to the Virgin of Guadalupe. Steinbeck singles Chicoy out as a "man," but there is

* THE WAYWARD BUS, *by John Steinbeck. Viking.* $2.75.

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nothing he says, does, or thinks which makes him a man of our times. His big "problem" is to run away from life and he fails even this unworthy desire not by cowardice and not by heroism but by the fat inertia which fills his soul. It is difficult, no matter what the measure, to find the man in Chicoy and it is doubtful that some virile Bogart will be able to create an illusion of his manhood.

The other characters — Pimples Carson, whose life and thought are built on gooey pastries and flickering Hollywood ideology; Norma, the adolescent counterpart of Pimples, who "loves" Clark Gable; the unhappy Mr. and Mrs. Pritchard who "suffer" the misery of their upper-class position; their confused daughter Mildred who "thinks" (more or less) and who develops a great feeling for Juan; the travelling salesman of novelties who wears the Congressional Medal of Honor which no one can recognize except Camille Oaks, the gal with the sex supreme; and Van Brunt, the cynical farmer who dies on the bus trip—all are taken on Steinbeck's ride but fail to take on allegorical proportions or any other proportions. In fact, so slightly do any of the characters develop that the reader loses nothing by beginning the book at the middle or even a few chapters from the end.

Yet for all of this the talent of John Steinbeck is not completely obscured by *The Wayward Bus*. The skill of the writing is apparent in the context of this impotent vehicle where none of the power or the greatness of *Grapes of Wrath* is evident. For those who respect the work of John Steinbeck *The Wayward Bus* is an unpleasant book to read. Steinbeck in driving away from reality moves away from his potential greatness as a writer. By now we can be sure that John Steinbeck has reached his private, obscure, mystic San Juan de la Cruz and we must hope that he can see beyond this poor mud village the great roads and great cities which will not be traversed or reached on broken buses.

Brazilian Epic

THE MASTERS AND THE SLAVES, *by Gilberto Freyre. Translated and edited by Samuel Putnam. Knopf.* $7.50.

ON THE first appearance of Freyre's great work, in his native Brazil over thirteen years ago, the Catholic hierarchy greeted it as a "pernicious book, subversively anti-national, anti-Catholic, anarchistic, communistic." Accordingly, with the mildness and generosity appropriate for a spokesman of so august and spiritual a group, it was recommended that book and author be purified "by a nationalistic and Christian *auto-da-fe*." Freyre's book was denounced, too, by the critics of fascist Portugal, one of whom excoriated the author for treating the Negroes as human beings rather than as beasts of burden.

The book merits the honor of this hostility. It is an acute, massive and extremely readable analysis of the development of Brazilian society under the impact of Portuguese colonization, the near-annihilation of the indigenous population, and the introduction and development of Negro slavery.

The viewpoint is that of a materialist who does not fear value judgments. Freyre uses as his point of departure the concept of the ultimate significance, for the social scientist, of the "technique of economic production," which he finds to be more powerful than any other influence "in its ability to make aristocracies or democracies out of societies and to determine tendencies toward polygamy or monogamy, toward stratification or mobility." His anthropological thinking is derived, as might be expected from one eschewing mysticism and idealism, from the immortal Franz Boas, the figure who, the author testified back in 1931, made "the deepest impression" upon him.

When one combines these viewpoints with the most painstaking and prolonged researches into the primary, documentary sources of social history and flings the resulting work into the midst of a literature dominated in large part by clerico-obscurantist scribbling and by chauvinistic viciousness as exemplified by Oliveira Martins, to whom "the Negro is an anthropologically inferior type, frequently very close to the anthropoid, and little deserving to be called a man," it is possible to understand the explosive and tremendously wholesome effect it has had.

But quite apart from relative considerations, the work, in an absolute sense, is of outstanding value. Equipped with a complete mastery of the sources and a scientific viewpoint, Freyre's book represents an invaluable socio-historic survey of the entire rich tapestry of Brazilian civilization. The three elements making up that life — the native, the imported African, and the Portuguese explorer and despoiler, are

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subjected to realistic scrutiny, not as separate or distinct entities, but rather as integral parts of a whole, of a new society, a new way of life. While it is the end-result, the synthesis, that is this work's focus, yet the forest does not hide the trees. The sadism and lubricity of the conquerors and exploiters are depicted forcefully, and the ceaseless resistance, essential dignity and fruitful contributions of their victims are described.

Freyre's technique and viewpoint testify to his boldness, as does, above all, the immensity of the task he set for himself. In such an undertaking there are bound to be, as the author states, occasional "imperfections and deficiencies such as are wholly avoided only by the most captious of historical and scientific miniaturists." As one of these "miniaturists"—who, alas, has nevertheless not avoided "imperfections and deficiencies"—this reviewer will undertake to point out what he believes to be a few rather important failings.

We find Freyre's treatment of the Jew in Portugal in contradiction with his own fundamental viewpoint in opposition to racism. We do not doubt that in his treatment of this subject he is "striving for the rigorous objectivity of the social scientist," as the translator significantly found it necessary to remark in a footnote. But we submit that such objectivity is not obtained when one resorts to the works of Houston Stewart Chamberlain, an ideological godfather of Nazism. One who wrote, as did Chamberlain, that though a Jew might be apparently unrecognizable as such, he could always be detected by introducing him into a room occupied by a German girl, for she would inevitably shed tears, is hardly an authority to be quoted by a social scientist and to be cited as one who "brings out" and "tells us" this and that about the Jewish people!

Using the work of Robert B. Bean in connection with the brain of the Negro is about as non-scientific as using Chamberlain as an authority on the Jew. It is true, of course, that Freyre does not hold with Bean that (as the latter wrote in 1906) "the Caucasian and the Negro are fundamentally opposite extremes in evolution" or that "it is useless to try to elevate the Negro by education or otherwise except in the direction of his natural endowments," but even citing him as a serious student of the subject is wrong. The mistake is compounded for Freyre does not mention the work on the same subject by Franklin P. Mall, one of the greatest anatomists America has ever produced, who, as head of the department of anatomy at Johns Hopkins (where Bean did his work), subjected Bean's methods to careful scrutiny, and in 1909 published a piece explicitly demonstrating the errors of Bean's paper and reaching diametrically opposite conclusions.

Freyre is at fault, too, in my opinion, in labeling the work of the late Professor Ulrich B. Phillips on *American Negro Slavery* as "already a classic," for while that monograph does contain valuable data it is the product of a man beset by the prejudices typical of his class—that of a wealthy white Georgian—and so is filled with the most serious distortions and errors. Incidentally, by using Phillips as his main authority on the provenience of the American Negro, Freyre comes to exceedingly doubtful conclusions as to the relative "superiority" and "inferiority" of the cultural backgrounds of the Africans brought into North as compared with South America.

Ordinarily important failings such as those just indicated would impel this reviewer to render a negative verdict on a work. In this case, however, that is unwarranted for they cluster about the penumbra only of Freyre's essay. *The Masters and the Slaves* remains a sociological and historical exposition of a vast and intricate human pattern of prime importance and epic sweep.

HERBERT APTHEKER.

Via the Trans-Siberian

THROUGH RUSSIA'S BACK DOOR, *by Richard E. Lauterbach. Harper.* $2.75.

MR. LAUTERBACH'S new book records in detail a trip by water from Shanghai to Vladivostok and thence to Moscow via the Trans-Siberian Railway. But the book is more than a travelogue; it attempts to tell how the Soviets view what we are trying to do on the world scene. From the sketchy description of the trip, heavily embroidered with trivia, and from the pictures taken with the author's own freely-used camera we learn something of the geography of the Soviet Far East, something more of the tenor and mood of the people, and above all we learn that the "iron curtain" exists largely in the American newspapers.

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As a result of the conversations Mr. Lauterbach had with many people en route, he makes several points: the Soviet people are tired from the superhuman efforts and sacrifices demanded by the war, they are unified in their will to rebuild their shattered country quickly, and they wonder what the war talk from abroad means. In particular they asked the meaning of America's attitude toward the atomic bomb and Churchill's Fulton, Missouri, speech.

In his attempt to find a middle-of-the road approach to the Soviet "question," Mr. Lauterbach falls into some serious errors helpful only to those extremists who are clamoring for war against the Soviet Union. Instead of making it clear that the Soviets do not want war, now or ever, that nothing in their socialist system requires it or can lead to it, Mr. Lauterbach leaves in doubt whether the Soviets want war or not, explaining only that the USSR is too weak at the present time to be able to wage war.

But despite his far from complete understanding of the Soviet approach to world problems Mr. Lauterbach, in contrast to the majority of writers and "experts," does make an effort to tell how the Soviets look at things. He also pleads for the elimination of what Ilya Ehrenburg calls the double standard in American press reporting—one set of criteria for America's actions, another for Soviet. Mr. Lauterbach takes the view that, whatever one may think of Soviet actions, America has much to answer for. Starting with Washington's refusal to place control of atomic energy in the Security Council, the Soviets have become suspicious of American intentions as expressed in our official position on Turkey and Greece, our tremendous peacetime defense budget, our soft-pedaling of the Franco issue and our dangerous interference in China's internal affairs.

Mr. Lauterbach calls for a reshaping of American foreign policy from the dangerous "Stop Russia" to a "more positive program for lasting peace." This is to be undertaken in a Big Three or Big Two meeting in which we declare that we are "prepared to implement our determination not to attack Russia . . . our desire to become friends with Russia, to assist their rehabilitation with a loan, to settle atomic control without holding on to a stockpile of bombs, to fight fascism wherever it exists or crops up."

To show the trends in Soviet thinking, Mr. Lauterbach includes in his book a lecture given in Moscow on the continued existence of fascism in many parts of the world and the pressing need for the unity of all democratic elements everywhere to combat it; an article by the Soviet historian Eugene Tarle warning against attempts by American reaction to impose a Pax Americana on the world similar to the earlier Pax Romana; and lastly, Stalin's replies to questions by Alexander Werth of Sept. 24, 1946.

ANN THOMPSON.

Books Received

FABULOUS VOYAGER: JAMES JOYCE'S ULYSSES, *by Richard M. Kain. University of Chicago Press.* $4. A scholarly critical work on Joyce's novel, chiefly valuable for its references to contemporary Irish life and its identification of Dublin places and events.

IBSEN, *by Brian W. Downs. Cambridge University Press.* $3.25. In the author's words, this is "an account . . . of the background of ideas, artistic conventions and historical events" before which Ibsen moved.

PERSISTENT INTERNATIONAL ISSUES, *edited by George B. de Huszar. Harper.* $3. This book consists of a group of essays on the problems that follow in the wake of war, among them relief, displaced persons, food and agriculture, trade, transportation and money. None of the writers' contributions is distinguished for depth. The essay on politics is not only superficial but obtuse.

LIKE MOONLIGHT ON SNOW, *by John Hewlett. McBride.* $3.50. The biography of Simon Iturri Patino, Bolivian tin magnate. Somewhat too romantically written, it is nevertheless an expose of the doings of a ruthless imperialist who dealt with both sides during two world wars and with both Bolivia and Paraguay during the Chaco war.

GREAT ADVENTURES AND EXPLORATIONS, *by Vilhjalmur Steffanson. Dial.* $5. The history of discovery and exploration from the time of Pytheas (330 B.C.) until the present. Original accounts of the explorers are accompanied by the author's thought-provoking observations. An excellent book for those interested in the subject.

AN AMERICAN DYNASTY, *by John Tebbel. Doubleday.* $3. A very readable account of a nest of vipers in American journalism, whose present generation comprises the owners of the Chicago *Tribune*, the New York *Daily News* and the Washington *Times Herald*. The Medill-Patterson-McCormick dirty linen is aired with considerable flair, though one could have wished for more material on the activities of these characters.

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sights and sounds

THE EMBATTLED IVAN

Eisenstein's effort to capture the meaning of Ivan's reign. Other European offerings.

By JOSEPH FOSTER

A NUMBER of imported films, such as *Angel and Sinner, Ivan the Terrible, Before Him All Rome Trembled* and *Les Enfants du Paradis,* have been adding considerable substance to the film-going life of New Yorkers. Towering above the others, of course, is *Ivan the Terrible,* at the Stanley. The work of Sergei Eisenstein has materially influenced the film art form, extended the limits of the medium, and has never failed to provide fresh matter for study and discussion. *Ivan* is in Eisenstein's best tradition, and in many ways is the most elaborate illustration of his ideas as he has set them down in his book *Film Sense*. Eisenstein strives for inner meanings, for mood, for historic and social significations. He is not interested in actors or stories in the conventional mold. Thus, *Ivan* is treated not as a historical narrative, but as a search for symbols and acts that would make clear historically the drive and purpose of Ivan's struggle to unify Russia. To avoid accidental obscuration of these objectives, he makes his symbols sharp and monolithic, as unmistakable in their *raison d'etre* as the symbols of the morality play, and the pantomime of his characters as astonishingly simple as the pantomime found in the early silent films. These symbols he surrounds with all the complex characteristics of his art—the fascinating and opulent reproduction of historic detail in dress, stage design, architecture, gesture and attitude; the unerring emphasis on the single object that gives meaning to a whole scene; the sparing but effective use of dialogue, using talk only as another tool when necessary to extract the complete meaning of the sequence.

In *Ivan,* Eisenstein's film sense is the sense of history, and although it possibly presumes on the knowledge of history of non-Russian audiences, there is no doubt that everyone is, by this film, fully informed as to the nature and purpose of the struggle between Ivan and the Boyars.

The social realism of the film derives from this very authentification of history, from the effort to correct misconceptions that have existed about Ivan (Eisenstein imputes our erroneous historical information to Ivan's enemies), and to present a true record of events. Ivan has been regarded as a cruel, barbarous self-indulgent tyrant. But scholars who know the period well claim that Ivan was one of the best-read monarchs of his day. His cruelties were not so much personal as they were characteristic of his time. His contemporary was Queen Elizabeth, whose age was one of the most enlightened in history. Yet she murdered her sister, Mary, Queen of Scots.

Ivan the Terrible is presented as a series of episodes, complete in themselves, possessing no fluid narrative connection or any continuity of chrononogy or construction. Yet the episodes, carefully chosen for their contribution to the main theme, are fused by a unity of purpose. The opening scene is the coronation of Ivan, first czar of all the Russians, a Muscovite prince who aspires to break the independent power of the princelings, to unify the land and so defeat his enemies of the east, south, northwest and west, who up to this time had found a divided Russia an easy prey. The scene is filled with the massive, smothering richness of the traditional mumbo-jumbo, the glitter of pomp and ritual. The historic flavor is caught, not only for its atmosphere, but also for the brilliantly defined attitudes of Ivan, the Boyars, the Church dignitaries and the foreign ambassadors. The vastness of the hall is only hinted at visually, but Eisenstein emphasizes the grandeur of the event by a singing benediction, in which the voice of the singer reverberates around the massed nobles.

The second episode produces the first test of power wherein the Boyars attempt to spread panic and rebellion. Ivan wins the people over and, thus fortified, sets out to overcome his enemies in the east, the Tartars. The battle of Kazan, the third episode, is Eisenstein in all his wizardry. His manipulation of foot soldiers, in winding defiles as far as the eye can see, his cavalry charges, his timing and composition are lessons in film-making. Here and there are interpolated the closeup, the carved cannon, the heavy, ponderous wheels of the cannon carriage that indicate the back-breaking toil of the men who must move the cannon on the march, the face of the enemy, etc.

EISENSTEIN wastes no footage on mere virtuoso exercises. Where many directors might have been tempted to linger over the battle scenes, Eisenstein, having accomplished his purpose, that of showing the many-sided aspects of Ivan's problem, cuts sharply away to the next episode, in which Ivan is dying of a strange malady. His illness touches off a renewed struggle for power, represented in the wrangle for succession. The malevolence of the Boyars, the desperation of a dying man, the treason of his general, record in titanic dimensions the clash of hostile wills. His sudden recovery foils the regal ambitions of the Boyars. Now they strike at him through his wife, the Czarina Anastasia, whom they poison. The literal act of drinking the poison is made a moment of high drama. The lips, the eye, the hand and the cup are shown in closeup and striking juxtaposition as she slowly drinks.

The final episodes deal with Ivan as he rejects his court followers in favor of an iron guard of loyal commoners, his temporary renunciation of the throne, his retirement to Alexandrovo and his recall by the people of Moscow. These episodes comprise Part One of the classic.

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Throughout all these sequences the Boyars, richly caparisoned in cloth of beautiful design and material, adorned with precious stones, are always a dark and fearsome power, eagerly hovering over the kill when the going is good, cowardly and retreating when Ivan turns the tables. The Church, too, that dominant and all-pervasive feudal force, is explored with impressive accuracy. In scene after scene the rich, sensuous costumes, accessories, props and physically overpowering ritual fix vividly the tone of the age. The agents of Divine Right are everywhere potent, affecting, with fanaticism, superstition and crafty calculation, decisions of major state importance.

Yet, despite this consummate mastery over his medium, Eisenstein has come in for some serious criticism in his handling of this theme. It is based mostly on the fact that his creation of rigid symbols has resulted in mannered characters and stylized behavior, almost totally devoid of human properties. For audiences that are drama-conditioned by continuity of action arising from narrative flow, such stylization provides too many static areas. Eisenstein's style yields powerful epic qualities, but his technique is fashioned on pre-Renaissance models, notably the Greek. Shakespeare and the Elizabethans went beyond the Greek theater in that they preserved the symbol, the epic quality and historic flavor at the same time that they humanized their characters. In their case, drama flowed out of character. In Eisenstein's, drama comes out of the historic pattern first and character second. Much of the technique of *Ivan* is already present in Eisenstein's *Alexander Nevsky*, but in this latter film the symbols, the dark menacing threat of the Teutonic invasion are counterpoised against human beings—Nevsky, his lieutenants, the soldiers, the salty love affair, incomplete but actively plotted in—all of which saves it from the faults of *Ivan*. Thus, this film fails to do what many an inferior film is able to do—draw you into the orbit of its emotional conflicts. You remain a spectator of events that lack a gathering dramatic momentum to explode into a sense-capturing climax. The symbols are impersonal and lacking in human attributes and it is difficult to establish an identity between audience and historic character.

Ivan is played by Nikolai Cherkassov, who has been my favorite actor since I first saw him in *Baltic Deputy*. The evil of the Boyars is graphically distilled by Seraphima Berman, who acts as their leader. Cameraman Edward Tisse, who usually does all of Eisenstein's work, divides his chores with Andrei Moskvin, who photographed all the interiors. The camera work for both indoor and outdoor scenes is uniformly excellent, and Tisse's long-focus shot of the people of Moscow winding over the snow, carrying icons and banners as they come to ask Ivan to return, is one of the finest I have ever seen. Prokofieff has provided a first-rate score that is dramatically integrated with the action.

ANOTHER brilliant piece of film work is contained within the footage of *Les Enfants du Paradis*, at the Ambassador. It is a genuine remembrance of things past, evoking, with loving care, the romantic mores of nineteenth-century France. On the basis of this film alone I would rate M. Carne one of the finest and most sensitive directors of France. Carne introduces his scenes and poses his characters in a way that is reminiscent of the great art of the period. He recalls, with unusual fidelity, the mannerisms, dress and flavor of the age of Daumier, Toulouse-Lautrec, Dumas and Cezanne.

Two hours were cut from its original length, which is a great pity, because films with large themes, explored in a thorough and serious way, should not be cramped or mutilated or hurried through the conventional time-span to make room for some dull shorts or a second feature.

The film is filled with a whole gallery of characters pertinent to the milieu — singers, clowns, tumblers, pickpockets, side-show spielers — the whole broiling, turbulent world of Daumier, supported and applauded by the gallery gods of the French vaudeville houses and the patrons of the carnivals. From the opening sequences on the Boulevard of Crime, one of the carnival thoroughfares, to the last fade-out, the plot is only a means of sounding the entire diapason of the era. The characters graduate from back-alley coquettes to kept mistresses in fine homes, from hams strutting on the vaudeville stage to the darlings of the National Theater. The *mis-en-scene* goes from the tawdry dressing room of the all-day grind house to a fashionable box of first-night life, from

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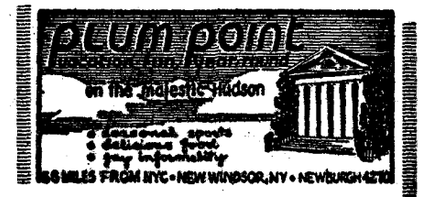

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the slum to the boulevard, etc., and through all these changes the authentic flavor of each setting is carefully reproduced.

Matters are helped along considerably by the superlative acting of the entire cast. Jean Louis Barrault is not only a pantomimist whose antics are the cleverest, the most ingratiating, to be seen in many a day, but he is also the unrequited, poignant Pierrot, the sad Puccinello, whose limpid eyes are full of the pain of a hopeless and ever hopeful love. Definitely, he has the face to go with the sighs of his myriad well-wishers. His enamorata is played by Arletty, an actress whom I have not seen before. In her world of dog eat dog, she is the enigmatic opportunist, playing her cards close to the vest.

Her one pure love she keeps carefully under lock and key, while she plays the field for all it is worth.

The dialogue has the merit of maintaining the historic illusions intact. And at all times, *Les Enfants du Paradis* maintains a scrupulous regard for social types. To the poor, who possess nothing but their emotions, the rich are capable of owning only material things, fine houses, money, jewels, carriages and women. When the count talks about love, his mistress is cynical. Do the rich also love deeply? she asks. Again, when the aristocrat is irritated by her friendship with a thug, she points out that he, the count, had just forced a duel on a man who had no chance of winning. To this charge of cold-blooded murder, he answers that he resented the way the man had looked at her, as though such an excuse made his callousness noble.

THE other two films I mentioned, *Angel and Sinner* (at the 55th St. Playhouse) and *Before Him All Rome Trembled* (at the Republic), are both well above average. The first, compounded of two stories by de Maupassant, *Boul de Suif* and *Mme. Fifi*, follows the adventures of a group of French people fleeing from the advance of the Prussian troops during the Franco-Prussian War. All but two, a prostitute, and one contemptuously referred to as a "republican" (small r), are well-heeled aristocrats and bourgeois supporters of the nobility. They are perfectly willing to recognize the prostitute when she offers them food and when she is persuaded to yield to the Prussian commander to ease their situation, but otherwise both she and her common friend are beneath their recognition.

What distinguishes this film are the beautiful characterizations of which the French are such masters. The selfish, grasping, self-indulgent upper class types, full of self-esteem, arrogance, cowardice, are delightfully drawn to the life. While the attempt to equate the Prussians with their Nazi progeny may not be altogether convincing, the dialogue and portraiture make the film extremely worthwhile.

Before Him All Rome Trembled is somewhat more successful in drawing parallels between two historic periods. The "him" of the title is Scarpio, tyrant of Rome, as he is set forth in Puccini's opera, *La Tosca*. The action is based upon a rendition of this work at La Scala during the Nazi occupation. Anna Magnani, the heroine of *Open City*, is here an underground worker who has unwittingly betrayed her lover to the Gestapo. This parallels the behavior of Tosca, who has also accidently betrayed her lover, a liberal supporter of Napoleon, to Scarpio's agents. Thus, while the roles are being enacted on stage, the Nazis are waiting for the end of the performance to arrest both her and her lover, who is Mario in the opera. When Magnani, as Tosca, stabs Scarpio, the Nazi officer grimly observes that she is probably wishing it were *his* breast she was piercing.

The excitement and suspense of the film are generated by the plans for escape that are being hatched while the singing and the Nazi vigil go on. Through an ingenious plan, in which everybody in the theater is involved—stagehands, electricians, carpenters, musicians—the pair get away.

Accompanying the action is, of course, the music of *Tosca*, beautifully sung by a trained company. If you like operatic music with an intelligently translated score to go with your underground adventure, this is your dish.

THEATER

JOINING the earlier and brilliantly successful production of Oscar Wilde's *Lady Windermere's Fan*, John Gielgud's production of *The Importance of Being Earnest* confirms the position of Wilde among the best writers of the English theater. Among the moderns only Shaw has surpassed him in a social satire that takes effect through caricaturized yet fully believable character. What would be exaggeration if done by less skillful playwrights is, in their gifted hands, magnification. Through it the arrogance and crassness of the British upper classes is shown in sharp and gear-like detail.

Contemporary American playwrights might profitably study Wilde. They might learn some valuable lessons from this aphoristic master whom gag writers sometimes think of as the father of the gag. They might find out why their gag lines are so often destructive of character portraiture and why they so often fall flat. Wilde's epigrams may scintillate out of context but they scintillate still more *in* context. And they nearly always make a social point.

Gielgud has a brilliant supporting company, among whom Margaret Rutherford as Lady Bracknell, Robert Flemyng as Moncrieff, Pamela Brown as Gwendolyn, Jane Baxter as Cecily, Jean Cadell as Miss Prism, and John Kidd as the Rev. Chasuble deserve special mention.

To my taste the artificiality of the acting, appropriate though it is to the stylized dialogue, approaches too nearly to attitudinizing. It seems to me the American cast of *Lady Windermere's Fan* got the same effect without the excess. But if there is excess it is an excess of brilliance. It does not prevent enjoyment of a bright theater evening.

CORRECTION: In a recent review of the work of the Dramatic Workshop of the New School for Social Research, I stated that Pogodin's *The Aristocrats* was not included in the season's repertory. This was an error. Pogodin's play ran for two weeks at the Workshop's theater.

ISIDOR SCHNEIDER.

ART

AMONG the current modes in painting there is one bent on resurrecting the ancient corpse of mythology. The forms used stem from Egyptian hieroglyphics and early tribal totem designs. These are fused with contemporary abstract patterns.

The embrace of the myth or legendary symbols in art supposedly represents a search for a timeless and "universal" subject, one that resists all temporal mutations. In practice, it turns out to be a return to a new

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mysticism, an almost desperate avoidance of any real or concrete symbols. Freeing itself from the patterns of the world we live in, this painting hovers about the indefinable realm of totemism, Greek mythology and the subconscious. The territory is clouded enough to allow for complete interchangeability of symbols or, more strictly speaking, it is made up of biomorphic shapes and hieroglyphics searching to attach themselves to symbols. The symbol, by this time half famished, begs for a title. It is at this point that the "content" flowers out and we are treated to a thesaurus of oracles, rituals, portents and primitive mysteries. Note, the mystery must always be primitive. How primitive? Prehistoric if possible. Now we are beyond the bounds of mere civilized criteria. The bliss of arcanum is complete.

In the case of one of the principle adherents of this movement, Mark Rothko, we can easily dispense with the titles. His sophisticated decorative sense precludes all notions of primitive rigor or an aggravated psyche. Pale forms intertwine in a gracefully rococo fashion or blur to a milky haze. There is a vague sense of scarred Pompeian frescoes, but even in his tribute to older cultures the painter's interest lies less in the substance of the particular tradition than in its shadowy fragments.

At the newly opened Harry Salpeter Gallery there is (through March 29) a new group of oils by Irving Lehman, who now emerges as a painter of real importance. Developing along boldly expressionist lines, Lehman has both clarified and dramatized his concept of the nocturnal city life. He has translated the bizarre contrasts and illuminations of the metropolitan scene, its bridges and highways, into vigorous abstract symbols, making his work more compact and revealing than ever before. It is a pleasure to see such a mature statement of modern forms integrated with a rich visual experience. His "Evening Traffic" and "Freak Show" are outstanding examples.

Moses Soyer, unruffled by the conflicting currents of most contemporary painting, scrupulously safeguards the sound virtues of his early training. In the half-adorned females and groups of dancers that he has been setting down season after season there is the same attention to drawing, grey tonalities and nostalgic atmosphere. A devotee of Degas, he chooses the master's quieter, more literal phase as a point of departure and does not allow his concept to be capsized by any nonconformist venture. A sensitive study of "Girl in Profile" and "Girl With Red Hair" are the best examples in the exhibit. At the ACA through March 29.

JOSEPH SOLMAN.

RECORDS

THE ballet with voice, "El Amor Brujo," is one of the most ingratiating works of Manuel De Falla, who died last year but whose creative career was cut short by the fascist invasion of Spain. Stokowski, leading the Hollywood Bowl Orchestra, gives it an unidiomatic reading, more soulful than Spanish, but the sounds extracted from the orchestra are wonderful, Nan Merriman's singing is excellent, and the recording first-rate (Victor M 1089). Toscanini's "Meistersinger" Overture is one of the greatest of orchestral records (Victor). Another fine orchestral record is Fritz Reiners' of Moussorgsky's "A Night on Bald Mountain" (Columbia). Von Suppe's "Fanitza" Overture, done by Fiedler and the Boston Pop, is a pleasant trifle (Victor), but Heifetz' glittering performance of Waxman's fantasy on "Carmen" themes is radio commercial nonsense (Victor). A virtuoso job that is musically sound, however, is Piatigorsky's performance of Chopin's Introduction and Polonaise for cello and piano (Columbia).

James Melton does six familiar Irish songs with fine voice and style (Victor M 1090). A thrilling vocal record that belongs in every collection is that of the Cavatina and Rondo from Glinka's "Ivan Susanin," done by the Soviet soprano Barsova (Compass). Good, but not in the same class, are arias from Tschaikowsky's "Sorceress" and Moussorgsky's "Khovanstchina," by the baritone Ivanov (Compass). Marian Anderson performs two of her favorite encore pieces, Cyril Scotts "Lullaby" and Bucky's "Hear the Wind Whispering" (Victor). Two spirituals, "Soon-a Will be Done" and "Set Down Servant" are given a good, unusually lusty arrangement and performance by Robert Shaw's Collegiate Chorus (Victor).

S. FINKELSTEIN.

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